

The Spookiest Season by Magladin

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Summary: An anthology of Mileven Halloween stories. A collection of one-shots chronicling how some of my different versions of Mileven spent various Octobers. Oh, so many warnings. This starts smutty and will only get worse, so look alive.

1. The Pumpkin Patch

Warning, warning, all the warnings. Just assume each chapter needs more warning.

As October finally showed its face in Hawkins, Mike wanted to show El everything he loved about Halloween. He wanted the cider, the candy apples, the pumpkin carving, the costumes. He wanted to give her an October to remember.

He had planned the whole Saturday. They'd have lunch and then pick out their own pumpkins at Merrill's Farm. It was still too early to carve jack-o-lanterns but Mike wanted to make sure they got the best pick of pumpkins so he wanted to do it as soon as he could.

Hopper dropped Mike and El off at the pumpkin patch, saying he'd be back in a few hours. They each had a corn dog and some popcorn, sharing a snow cone, and then they rode the little hay filled wagon down into the patch. As they were looking for the perfect pumpkins El grabbed Mike's hand and started pulling him along toward the tree line.

"El, where are we going?"

"You'll see," El looked over her shoulder at Mike and let out a smug smile before continuing to drag him across the field. She had been dying for a while to spend time with just him and now that she finally got the opportunity, she wasn't going to waste one moment.

When they reached the nearest tree she let go of his hand, already missing the warmth of his body. But she knew that wasn't going to last for long. She had other things in mind that included them touching not just their hands.

"I missed you, Mike," she cooed, her palms placing flat on Mike's chest until his back hit the wood surface of the tree trunk. Her arms wrapped around his neck and she stood on the tip of her toes so she could reach his lush lips.

Being so close, she could finally smell his familiar scent. It smelled

like Mike; like his mother's fabric softener mixed with the cologne he had recently started using, invading her nostrils. She smiled contentedly. It felt like home.

"Did you miss me, too?" She whispered after placing a soft peck on his lips and pulling their bodies closer together.

Mike wrapped his arms around her. From behind the tree he couldn't even see the hay wagon or the other people who had ridden down with them. His worry over missing their ride back melted as El kissed him.

"Yeah, I missed you. I missed this."

The kiss got deeper and Mike's hands soon found their way to El's hips and then his long fingers curled around, resting on her ass.

"I like this dress," he whispered between kisses, feeling the soft fabric.

"It's called a jumper." Eleven laughed at her boyfriend's lack of distinction between a dress and what she was wearing. But she couldn't blame him. She still had a hard time figuring the proper terms that went with certain objects.

She knew that the fabric of her crimson jumper was called corduroy, though. She bought it when she went shopping with Joyce, along with the long sleeve shirt that was black with white stripes and which she was also wearing at the moment.

Hopper had scolded her when she wanted to go out in that and just a pair of sneakers. *You're gonna freeze your butt off, kid.* So they compromised and she ended up styling her clothes with knee socks and Nancy's old pair of black boots.

She had secretly hoped Mike would compliment her outfit and that was exactly what he did. It made her grin wholeheartedly in response, her heart skipping a beat as she realized the boy she loved so much still appreciated the smallest details.

"You should feel it on the inside, too. It's soft." She watched him intently and with a playful glint as she grabbed his hand and led it under the jumper. But instead of making him feel the fabric, her

delicate fingers cupped his and guided them over her panties. "My panties are softer though, right?"

Mike let El put his hands where she wanted them. He was surprised when he touched her panties, having expected her normal cotton ones. Instead his fingers grazed over lace. He felt his dick stiffen.

"Lace? When did you get these?"

He continued to trace his fingers over the fabric, wondering what they looked like. The lower half of her jumper was already a little hiked up and it wouldn't take much to get it a little higher.

"Wanna let me see them?"

"I got them some time ago," she shrugged and relished in the feeling of Mike's long fingers inspecting her underwear. It sent electricity through her body and she inhaled deeply.

He then asked if he could see them and she was more than eager to please her boyfriend, nodding and lifting up the fabric obediently after taking a step back. Her stance widened and she pushed her hips forward to make sure that Mike was getting a good look at her panties.

They were entirely made of lace and pure white, emphasizing the tanned skin of her toned legs.

She watched the boy carefully as she brought one of her hands down to the lace, stroking it lazily before slowly pushing it aside. It wasn't much, but enough that Mike could see part of her recently shaved pussy and she smirked when his lips parted.

"Do you wanna feel something even softer?"

Mike gulped. Since they'd started having sex he had noticed that El had become bolder, but he never expected her to push her panties, her *lace* panties, aside in broad daylight in a public setting. He could hear his pulse in his ears as he stepped forward, nodding his head. He let El take his hand and watched as she moved it over her bare pussy.

"Oh fuck, El. Do you have any idea how hot this is?"

He was running his fingers over her, letting them dip in occasionally. She was already so wet. It was as though she'd planned this.

Mike was rock hard, touching her while she looked at him wasn't helping at all.

"God you're so wet. What should we do about that?" He asked as he moved his hand, his fingers slipping inside her and the heel of his hand on her clit.

Eleven gasped as Mike pushed the second finger in. She purposefully clamped her muscles down on them and grabbed his wrist, urging him to pump them in and out of her dripping hole while she watched.

Holding her jumper up with the help of her elbow, she managed to launch her hand forward and cup Mike's penis. It was hard already and she could feel it pulsing through the confinement of his jeans.

"Why don't you take your dick out? Maybe you can clean me up with it," she teased, knowing full well that this would only end up in a bigger mess.

El never broke eye contact as she asked Mike to take his dick out. With his free hand he unbuckled his belt and unfastened the button on his jeans. El did the rest, sliding his zipper down aching slowly. Mike could feel her fingers through his boxers as she unzipped him and then she was pulling the elastic down until his cock sprung free. It bobbed in the October breeze, twitching slightly.

He was still rubbing her, though more lazily now. He wanted something else but he was a little afraid to ask, even if his dick was out and his hand was on her very wet pussy.

Mike just watched as she started stroking him. She kept inching closer to him. His back was against the tree and he thought about how it would be to lean against it, letting the trunk support him and scooting himself down so he was at El's level. He thought about what it would be like to just stick his dick inside her while she was standing there. He felt himself get harder. He moved his fingers a little deeper inside her.

"I wish you could fuck my mouth," Eleven said in a shaky breath, her eyes averting to Mike's cock. She made sure to stroke it just the way she knew he liked it the most, her wrist flicking repeatedly. The pre-cum made it all slick and perfect to be jerked and she licked her bottom lip, her mouth watering at how the veins on his cock popped out.

"Or maybe push me against this tree and fuck me from behind." Mike's pace was increasing with every word coming out of her mouth.

"But I know we can't...there's still people out here." She pouted and glanced around. She could faintly see some people in the distance and for a second she figured that maybe they could get away with it. But she didn't want to risk it. If someone saw them Hopper would find out immediately and that would mean no more Mike for her. She didn't want that.

"But if I just get a little closer," she started, her tone teasing and curious as she closed the distance between their bodies. When the tip of Mike's cock touched her stomach, she stood up on her tippy toes again and mumbled, "and if you get a little lower..."

Mike understood immediately what El wanted him to do and he wasted no time, leaning against the tree trunk and bending his knees until his cock was positioned in front of her bare pussy.

"Maybe I can do this...and they'll just think we're hugging." Her warm breath fanned over his mouth and she wrapped her arms around him. Her lower body inched forward until she managed to slide Mike's cock between her pussy lips, making a back and forth motion while holding his shoulders for support.

Mike couldn't have stopped her if he'd wanted to, but he definitely didn't want to. As the tip of his cock touched her his dick twitched almost violently. She was so smooth and slippery, and warm. When she moved his cock back and forth Mike had to think about hobbits cleaning their teeth to keep himself from coming. Once he got himself under control he reached down, his hand joining El's on his throbbing cock.

"Do you want this inside you? It's already so close," Mike whispered in her ear. With each pass as they rubbed him back and forth on her together he pushed himself a little more inside. He heard El moan softly and pushed in some more.

"Yeah, take my cock. You're taking it at the pumpkin patch. Fuck, this feels good. Look down, El."

Mike was already looking down, watching his stiff cock disappear into her. She was standing straight up and had positioned him perfectly. Mike was holding her by the hips and moving her on his dick.

El followed Mike's instructions and glanced down, watching his cock forcing its way inside her. It wasn't the best angle and she knew she wouldn't be able to take him balls deep, but it worked for both of them for the moment.

She gulped and breathed heavily, forcing herself to stand on the tip of her toes as much as she could.

Even so, she grew tired after a while and her legs became shaky until they gave out, making her sink almost all the way down on Mike's shaft.

"Oh, Mike...you're stretching me out with your fat cock."

Her lips were over his as she whispered out of breath. She tried to kiss him but all she could do was moan over his lips and bounce on the tip of her feet along with Mike's movements.

When El's legs gave out and she sunk down onto him, it took all of Mike's willpower to not just jackhammer himself into her. He didn't want to hurt her though so he held her weight and kept fucking her. He liked holding her up, her feet barely touching the ground.

"Yeah you don't have to stand. I can hold you up while I shove my cock into you. Do you like it when I stretch you out? You're still so tight, I don't think I'm stretching you much."

Mike reached between his legs, feeling where they were joined.

"Should I put my finger inside too? Do you think that would stretch you more?"

Eleven glanced up at Mike and he was certain he had never seen so much hunger in her eyes before.

"Do it," she whispered with determination, her hand already fumbling for his and leading it to her pussy. "Fill me up."

They had never done anything like that before, but she had always been more than eager to have all of him, no matter what that meant. She wanted to feel what it would be like, even though it was going to hurt. Mike was already stretching her out maximally and his cock was the most she had ever had inside her ever since they had lost their virginities to each other, but that didn't stop her from wanting more.

Mike slowed his pace. He thought it might feel a little better for her if his finger was on the top side of his cock. It was a little awkward but he turned his hand palm up so that she wouldn't be bothered any by his fingernail. He pulled his dick almost all the way out and as he pushed it back inside it was joined by his finger. From his angle he knew he was rubbing her clit constantly now with his first digit.

"Shit that's tight. I'm not hurting you am I? Are you still okay?"

"Ow! Oh, oh fuck..."

Eleven's eyes rolled in the back of her head once he was fully in. It hurt at first and it shocked her how much of a difference a single digit could make. His cock alone would have still required a moment to adjust to, but that combined with his finger stretched her out more than even before.

"I am...it feels so good. You're stretching me out so good. You're gonna leave my cunt gaping when you're done."

Hearing her talk that way was doing things to Mike. He was used to making his own ribald comments but hearing El do it was still rather shocking and it made his heart rate increase and it made him breathe heavier. It turned him on.

"Isn't that what you wanted?" Mike whispered between thrusts. He was curling his finger, burying both that and his cock inside her, spurred on more by her dirty talk.

"You wanted to be stretched out, right? Is this enough? I have to tell you how hot you look here right now with your dress pulled up and your panties pushed to the side and my cock and finger moving in and out of you. Oh, fuck, you're gripping me so tight even though you're so wet. Your thighs are shiny you're so wet for me."

"*Jum...per*," Eleven croaked out. She tried to smile at her own little joke but Mike continued to wriggle his finger at the same time his hips snapped forward and it left her incapable of doing anything but squeezing her eyes shut and moaning over and over again.

She was a babbling mess from then on, her legs barely holding up, and she was aware that if it hadn't been for Mike almost lifting her off the ground she wouldn't have been able to do this on her own. As she grabbed his biceps for better support, she could feel the muscles tensing up under his plaid shirt and it only served as a turn on at that moment, one that rendered her speechless along with his cock and finger stretching her so wide.

Feeling the familiar heat pooling inside her stomach and her heart pounding furiously against her ribcage, she knew Mike was slowly bringing her closer to the edge.

"Go...faster..."

Mike made a mental note to remember the names of her different articles of clothing in the future but in the present he continued his rhythm. He knew he didn't have long before she was coming all over his hand and cock.

But he was going to ask her anyway.

"Are you gonna come for me. El? Right here in the pumpkin patch?"

He watched her face as his dick slipped in and out of her. He knew she couldn't answer him; she was mumbling incoherently, her eyes rolling back and then snapping forward and locking with his. She

nodded.

"Good. I'm gonna come too. Want to feel it all over your smooth, shaved pussy? It's gonna be soon. Just keep taking it for a little bit more."

"Please...y-yes...oh, Mike..."

Eleven was surprised but pleased with how smoothly they could take the lead from one another. She had lured him in, having planned this ever since she had found out that Hopper couldn't assist them with picking up the pumpkins and loving the way Mike had obediently carried on with her idea.

But now she was the one whimpering and begging him to make her come as she met his thrusts halfway, lifting herself on her toes as much as she could.

"Make me come, Mike...please...come on my pussy."

Mike didn't need any further encouragement. He removed his finger, grabbing her ass with both hands and pushing her down hard, his cock completely buried. He rocked her on him while he was hilted, so far in that he could feel his balls touch her ass.

"I'm gonna come as soon as I pull out. I want you to watch."

Mike pulled out but kept the head of his cock right on her swollen pussy lips. His thumb returned to her clit as they both watched him start to come.

"Oh fuck!" Mike watched as his come started squirting out, globs of it spraying her naked pussy, dripping into her slit. He never stopped moving his thumb.

"That looks so good," he marveled as the last of his come finally stopped spurting out.

Eleven did as she was told, watching carefully as the semen shot out from the swollen, red tip of Mike's cock and painted her panties. Some of the come landed on his thumb as he continued to stroke her clit and that was when she lost it and squeezed her eyes shut, unable

to focus on anything but her overpowering orgasm.

She felt her whole body tensing up, her bottom clenching against Mike's hand and she dug her fingernails into his arms while her thighs clamped together and her knees shook uncontrollably.

"Oh, god...oh, ah, Mike...Mike..." she whispered her boyfriend's name as she came harder than ever, her stretched out hole fluttering closed repeatedly.

Her ears were still ringing when she managed to recover a little bit and she glanced back down at the warm spurts of come covering her pussy and her lace panties. It made her smile knowing she got to keep a part of Mike for the rest of the day and she pushed her panties back up, trying to get used to the excess of juices.

"I feel empty now," she breathed tiredly before pouting. Her big, hazel eyes stared back into Mike's and she reached up to cup his cheek and stroke it. She was spent, unlike her never-ending love and admiration for the only boy she had ever loved.

Mike's eyes widened as he watched her shift her panties back into place. She was actually going to wear them like that, with his come oozing inside them. *How did I get so lucky?* He wondered as he stared at her. He was tired but still on an adrenaline high and as soon as she'd finished getting her clothes situated he pulled her to him.

"You are so awesome. That was amazing." Mike kissed her and then smiled against her mouth, laughing a bit.

"We still have to pick out our pumpkins."

"Yeah, I know."

Mike's laughter was accompanied by Eleven's, their teeth clashing together which only made them laugh even harder. It took them a good minute until the giggling stopped completely and El wrapped her arms around his neck, her hand pressing on the back of his head until he leaned down.

She kissed him again, her arms wrapping around his torso when they pulled apart and she nuzzled her cheek against his t-shirt.

"This has been the best trip to the pumpkin patch ever," Mike said as they walked back into the sea of pumpkins.

Author's Note: For my best friend ever. You are awesome.

2. The Halloween Party

I usually don't write in first person, and definitely not in present tense, but welp...

The dream is always the same. I'm in a sheer nightgown and I'm running barefoot down a long corridor, a shape lurks behind me. He's chasing me and I'm afraid but I'm also dripping wet. Something inside me wants him to catch me, to do things to me that should only be whispered and never said aloud. Dirty things. He draws closer and I run faster, but the end of the passage is quickly approaching and as I look for an exit I hear footsteps behind me and can feel a presence at my back. I'm at a dead end and I slowly turn around, my heart thumping in my chest, my loins hot and quivering, and I see my stalker. The face is so familiar that my fear melts away to sheer lust and I drop to my knees. He stands before me and I look up at him from the ground, his head tilted to one side just staring at me, as if he's waiting for me to make the first move. Then he moves, reaching out his hand to brush the hair out of my face and I reach for the zipper on what appears to be some type of dream coveralls...

I always wake up in a cold sweat and then realize how terribly turned on I am and have to masturbate immediately. The best part isn't the coming; it's the dream that still lingers in my head. I lie in bed thinking about what I just dreamed and my hand steals to my pussy. I'm not wearing any panties, just a nightgown very similar to the one in my dream but not exact. The silkiness of it feels nice next to my soft skin and I like how it feels when my nipples rub against it. I tease my clit with my finger, while at the same time sticking other fingers deep into my cunt. It doesn't take me long to come this way. I close my eyes and let the waves of orgasm overtake me. It's my favorite way to start the day and today will be a big one. It's Halloween, my favorite holiday by far, and I've got big plans with some friends to go to a Halloween costume party tonight at a house that could very well be a haunted house, at least from the look of it. Very spooky. It's on the edge of Hawkins, the town where I live. I'm very excited at the prospect of what might happen. I'm out for adventure and am open to new things, and tonight will be a fun one, I promise myself.

Around 11:00, just as I'm getting out of the shower, the phone rings. I

wrap a towel around myself, water dripping to the floor, and dash to catch the phone before it stops ringing. It's my friend Max calling to tell me she and her boyfriend will be at my house to pick me up at 6:00 but that she wants to come over earlier today to help me carve a Jack-O-Lantern that we can take with us to the party. I tell her to be at my house by 2:30 so we have time to do the pumpkin and get our costumes on before her boyfriend, Lucas, arrives to pick us up so we can all go to the party. He's going as Frankenstein's monster and she's the Bride of Frankenstein. I've decided to be kind of a slutty Little Red Riding Hood as I have no boyfriend and am looking for the wolves, so to speak. I think my costume is sexy and functional; no panties are required for this one and it makes me feel deliciously sexy to know that I don't have anything on underneath and that anyone who lifted my skirt could see everything. Thinking of this, I decide to lotion myself so that if anything fun *does* happen I'm in the best condition I can be. I go into my bathroom where there is a big mirror so I can see what I'm doing. I use a great smelling raspberry lotion and start rubbing it on my ass and the tops of my thighs, laughing and wondering if I'll get to thank myself later for going through the trouble. I really want to get laid tonight, it's been a long time and by now I want it any way I can get it as long as it includes some deep dicking and plenty of ass play. Lately I've been very interested in that and want to see what it would be like. I'm feeling just dirty enough this Halloween to let someone go around back for some smiles. It feels nice as I rub my ass cheeks with lotion, going closer and closer to my hole, making sure everything will smell like raspberries should anyone be close enough to notice. As I watch myself do this in my mirror I start to get wet again but I don't have time for that now so I quickly finish with the lotion and get dressed. I still have to go pick up the pumpkin we're going to carve and I don't have a lot of time before Max will be here to help me.

By 2:30, Max is at my house and we are delving into the pumpkin carving. We both reach into the gourd to pull out the slimy guts, our hands covered in orange goo. From time to time our fingers touch and while I'm not a lesbian, I feel a tingle down below. I guess it's just the season.

"Jane, have you ever kissed a girl?" Max asks me as we put pumpkin guts into a large bowl.

"No. I'm not against it but I just never have," I tell her.

"I just wonder what it's like," she says, running her fingers over mine in the pumpkin. "Do you want to see?"

"Well, what would Lucas think?" I ask her, knowing he'd be totally cool with it and laughing to myself on the inside. I've been so horny today that I think I'm up for fooling around with a girl, and it looks like we may just have enough time to play around for a bit. I'm game.

"I don't have to tell Lucas everything," she says, giggling a little. We're already standing very close to one another as we are both cleaning out the pumpkin, which by now is mostly hollowed out and ready to carve. She leans toward me and I meet her kiss. It's really soft and nice. It's much different than kissing a guy, sweeter maybe, and we really start to get into making out in the kitchen, our hands all messy with pumpkin goo, fingers sticky. She reaches for my breast and my nipples are hard instantly. We both start to laugh as we're kissing.

"This is crazy," I say, stepping back and laughing. "If I'd known how fun that could be we would have done that years ago."

"I know!" She replies. "I guess if things don't work out with Lucas I'll always have you."

"Ha! True. This is going to be one happy Halloween, I can just feel it," I say, wondering what it would be like to go further than just kissing but knowing there isn't enough time on this special day for that.

We carve the face in the pumpkin and get into our costumes. I must say that I look extremely sexy in mine; the skirt is short but not so short that there's nothing left to the imagination. The cape is long and crimson red. My legs are super smooth and I'm wearing black heels. I am ready to be fucked, and hopefully that will happen. I'm choosy though, so I'm really hoping there is someone at this party who I think is worthy enough to fuck my brains out.

Lucas arrives at 6:00 on the dot and we head out into the country to the party. The house looks wicked; it's big and dark except for all the Halloween decorations and lights. It's a very spooky place but with

the loud music booming through the windows and the smell of popcorn and candy apples, I feel like I'm in Heaven.

As we walk into the house I can see a slew of costumed people milling about the main room. There's a pool table in the back corner of what appears to be a great room and from where I stand it looks like Beetlejuice is hustling Jason Voorhees out of a goodly bit of money. Jason looks perplexed as Beetlejuice lines up a perfect shot, 8 ball left corner pocket, and ends the game. A caveman walks by and makes eyes at me but he's not what I'm looking for tonight. Three vampires are talking to what appears to either be Elvira or Morticia Addams, I can't tell which.

"We're going to get a drink," Max says as she and Lucas walk back towards the kitchen. "We'll find you in a little while."

"That's cool. I'm going to see who all is here and check this place out. This house is wicked awesome. It's so creepy," I reply.

I decide to give myself a tour of the house. It belongs to a friend's grandfather but he has moved in with his daughter due to old age so now he just lets his grandkids use the house for parties. *What a cool granddad!* I think to myself as I walk around looking at things. I'm still in the great room but I spy a staircase at one end and want to see where it leads. As I make my way across the room to the staircase, I notice a costume that makes me stop dead in my tracks. Standing quietly against the wall in the far corner of the room near a giant grandfather clock is what appears to be Michael Myers, or someone dressed in the best Myers costume I have ever seen. Instantly my heart starts racing. My recurring dream swims back into my mind and I can't believe I'm staring at my dream stalker in real life. He seems to notice me, too, as it looks as though he's staring right through me. I intentionally stand and look at him across the room for what seems like minutes and then I look at the staircase and then back at him, hoping he sees where I'm headed. I turn away from him toward the stairs and ascend to the second floor.

I can't believe my luck when I reach the top of the stairs and find a long corridor with rooms coming off the sides. It makes me think of a Bugs Bunny cartoon, like a wascally wabbit is going to run into one door and then pop out of another door at the other end of the hall

and on the opposite side. It would be comical if not for the sincere creepiness of the house, and while there are lights on it still seems dark and shadowy in the hallway. I seem to be completely alone up here; I can hear the party going on downstairs and hear the laughter and occasionally a playful shriek from a girl, but I'm all alone to explore the sleeping quarters of the house. I enter the first room and find a regular bedroom, nothing fancy, so I proceed down the hall checking out all the rooms. As I'm coming out of the fourth room, I hear footsteps so I stop walking. The footsteps also stop.

Maybe my mind is playing tricks on me, I think to myself and start walking again. Again I hear footsteps behind me but this time instead of stopping I quickly turn around and get a flash of a white mask as it ducks behind an open door.

I'm being followed.

Although the situation has the potential to be very scary, I feel no real fear as everyone who has been invited to the party are friends or friends of friends so I'm not worried at all for my safety. This lack of fear makes it much more fun to pretend to be scared so I start to flee down the hall toward what I feel to probably be the master bedroom. As soon as I start running I hear the footsteps, heavier this time. *He's running, too.*

I make it to the bedroom and try to hide in the closet. Almost as soon as I close the closet door I can hear him walk into the room. His footsteps sound deliberate, as if he knows where I am and he's just trying to make me think he doesn't. My heart is in my throat and my cunt is ridiculously wet. I sit in the closet and reach between my legs just to feel how wet I am. I can feel my juices running down my thighs. *Maybe panties would have been a good idea. Fuck it, I don't care,* I think to myself as a shadow envelops the closet door.

This is it! Adrenaline is pumping through my body. The closet doors start to shake as he tries to open them. Suddenly he breaks them open and he's standing there looking down at me, head tilted in the moonlight, and he reaches out his hand for me. This is all I need. I immediately take his hand and pull myself towards him. He hugs me close. He is thin and lanky, exactly what I like, a nice bit taller than me, and I feel his hands slip down the back of my cape. He throws

the cape aside to reveal the back of my dress. Both of his hands lock onto my ass, and as he realizes that I don't have any panties on I can feel his cock stir in his coveralls.

He lifts me up and lays me down on the bed, spreads my legs and looks at my wet pussy. The mask covers any reaction he may have but then he gets down on his knees, lifts his mask up so it sits back on his head, and proceeds to gently lick my cunt. He teases me at first, lightly licking each of my lips, tickling them with his tongue. It's all I can do to not spread myself open for him and push him further into my hole but I want to make this last as long as possible so I'm going to let him take his time. I watch him eat me out, his dark hair barely showing from what I can see of it. The mask covers most of what I can see but occasionally he looks up at me and his eyes are so kind I can't wait to see his cock.

I know I'll come a lot if only he'll fuck me, and from what he's doing now I don't think that will be a problem, so I say, "I want to see the Boogeyman's cock. Can you show me?" He pulls the mask back down on his head and stands up. I sit up on the bed, so he's now standing in front of me and my face is about at the level of his bulge. I can see the distinct shape of cock through his pants and I am delighted at what I see. This is clearly going to fill me up and I cannot stifle my excitement. I reach out and stroke it through his pants, looking up at him the whole time. With my eyes still fixed on his, I start to rub my face on his crotch. I can feel his hard shaft on my cheek and decide that now would be a good time to release it from its prison. I unzip the coveralls and see that his hard dick is sticking up through the opening of his boxers. He drops the coveralls to the floor and stands there in just the mask looking down at me stroking his cock.

"I want to be fucked so bad," I whisper to him. "It's been so long and I need a cock." I wiggle out of my dress, so now I am wearing only the heels. He points to his rock hard pole. I know just what to do. I lean forward and lick the head. I can taste the salty tip of his dick and I take more of it into my mouth. I've never sucked on a cock this big before but it feels wonderful in my mouth and I want to see how much of it I can take. I use my tongue to swirl around the shaft, licking up and down, up and down, coming back up to suck on the head and then pulling back so a string of my saliva reaches from my

mouth to the head of his cock like a tether. I tease the head and fondle his balls, running my finger back and pressing against his taint as I lap at his meaty length. He puts his hands on my head and starts to gently fuck my mouth. I relax my throat and take as much as I can, which turns out to be quite a lot. I deep throat him for a while and then he pushes me back and turns me around on the bed so I'm on my stomach with my knees in the floor, like I'm praying to the God of Fuck or something.

I look back over my left shoulder as he eases himself behind me. He pulls the mask back up so his mouth can be free and he kisses the back of my neck and my shoulders, resting his prick in the crack of my ass. He reaches around and cups my breasts in both of his hands. *Mmm, he smells like sandalwood.* He nibbles on my left earlobe as he lifts me off the bed enough for him to slide his shaft into my now drenched pussy. It slides in and keeps sliding deeper, the fullness takes my breath away for a second, and as he rocks into me he pulls me back so that my knees are still on the floor but otherwise I'm upright and pressed against him. We fuck like this for a while and I'm ecstatic at how long he seems to be able to go. He reaches down and finds my clit with his right hand, alternating between lightly pinching it and gently rubbing it and I can feel that I'm going to come.

"Keep fucking me, I'm gonna come on your hard cock," I whisper back to him. Almost as I'm saying it I start to come, he keeps drilling me as I explode all over his rod, easing up just a bit at the peak of my climax, then ramming into me again, hitting my G spot and making me buck back against him.

"You fuck me so good, would you like to touch my ass?" I pant. He stops pounding me and pulls out. At first I'm concerned that I've ruined it by suggesting something he wasn't into but then he moves me around so I'm sitting on the edge of the bed and pushes me onto my back. He pulls my legs up and kneels between them, then takes the mask off and puts it on the side table. I understand. I wouldn't want to mess up such a nice mask either.

"Touch my hole, I want to feel your fingers on it. Just tease me. I like to be teased," I tell him in a low voice. He obliges and I feel his warm finger brush against my asshole. Chills go up my spine as this feels amazing and I want more. His fingers easily get wet because I am still

sopping at this point so I just sit back and watch him explore my ass, looking at my cunt as well, dipping his fingers in my pussy to get them wet and then transferring the lube to my tight ass. I start to push myself toward him every time his finger touches my hole but he keeps pulling it away just as it starts to slip inside of me. He smiles at me as he can see this is starting to frustrate me, but in a good way because I know that if I'm patient I will get what I want.

"Please put something inside me," I start to beg. He chuckles softly, runs his fingers back over my ass, and then slowly inserts one of his fingers. I can feel my asshole stretching but it doesn't really hurt; just some pressure and stretching sensation, then it just feels good. I can tell he has his finger all the way in and he starts to pump in and out. I moan loudly as I have never felt anything like this and it's sending pleasure signals to places I didn't even know I had. He slips another finger in and I look at him as he finger fucks me. I can reach his cock so I stroke it while he plays with my ass. He slips one more finger inside me and it makes me want to feel him thrust into me with his dick.

"I need to be fucked. I need to be fucked in my tight ass. Will you please let me feel that? I want it so bad." I reach up and touch his nipples as I ask this, pinching them gently.

He pulls his fingers out of my ass and turns me over. I think he's just going to stick it in and I prepare but then I feel his hands on my ass cheeks and something wet at my hole and I realize he's licking my asshole, sticking his tongue in every now and then, again making my pussy drip onto the bedspread. The sensation is so erotic and I know it must look so dirty that I almost come again right then and there, but just as I think I'm about to come he stops licking me and I feel the tip of his cock on my hole, pressing firmly but gently. I'm surprised at how easily his cock slides into my ass since I've never done this and before I know it he's root deep in my tight ass. He holds himself there for a few seconds so I can get used to the size of it and then he starts to rhythmically fuck me. I can feel his prick pulling out and then slamming back in, making sucking noises as it does so. It's also turning me on to hear him breathe heavily, breathing out with every thrust, I can tell he's really into it and that makes it all the hotter for me.

I reach between my legs so I can rub my clit while he fucks my ass and then I start to feel the orgasm of all orgasms build deep my pelvis. I think about what I'm doing, fucking a stranger (*although he seems so familiar*) in a costume in a strange house, and thinking about what it must look like; him with his big cock in my ass, and I start to cum hard.

Oh, keep fucking me, I'm going to come!

"That's it, oh, just like that, yes, I'm coming! Oh, fuck my ass I'm coming! I want your hard cock to make me come all over it, oh shiiiiiiiiittttttt," I breathlessly whisper to him as he pounds me harder and faster.

"Fuck! Oh God that's tight! I'm going to blow in your ass." It's the first thing he's said to me. He heaves into me one last time and I can feel the throbbing of his member as he empties his hot load into my hole. We fall over onto the bed in a heap, sweaty and breathing hard, and we look at each other and smile.

"My name is Jane," I tell him. "I love your costume."

"Thanks," he replies dreamily. "I'm Mike. You're really pretty."

We lay there for a short while to catch our breath and then we put our costumes back on. His hair is a raggedy black mess but my fingers itch to touch it. Before he slips the mask back over his head I ask if he wants my phone number. I've just had a mindblowing fuck and I'd definitely like to do that again some time.

"Of course I want your number," he tells me and I write it on the inside of his wrist with a pen I find on the dressing table. He stops and kisses me, the first time we have actually kissed on the mouth, and that sends shivers down my spine as well. He pulls back from me and pulls the mask down over his face. He stands by the window in his costume, looking out at the moonlight, as I leave the room.

"Happy Halloween, Mike," I whisper to him as I leave. He cocks his head to one side, doing his best Michael Myers head tilt, and I wink at him and exit the room.

Once back downstairs I run into Lucas and Max.

"Jane Hopper, where the hell have you been? I've been looking for you for over an hour! This party kind of sucks and we're ready to leave."

I grab her hand and pull her to me, kissing her on the lips. She clearly tastes come on my mouth and stares back at me, surprised, and then a smile erupts across her face.

"What do you mean it sucks?" I ask. "This was the best party ever!"

As we head for the door I look back at the top of the stairs and see my dream stalker looking down at me. Our eyes meet and I smile up at him and lick my lip seductively. I tap my wrist to remind him of my phone number written on his and then head out the door with Lucas and Max. The air is crisp and the smell of burning leaves drifts toward us from somewhere. The night is beautiful and I look forward to sleep, welcoming what dreams may come.

Author's Note: It could have happened that way...

3. One Good Scare

Yupp, all the warnings.

With the sun already starting to set, Mike and El embarked on their adventure for the week. The trees were wearing their autumn colors of red, orange, and yellow and the setting sun made them look like they were on fire as it dipped down below the horizon. It was twilight when they turned off the main road and onto a road that paralleled a set of train tracks.

Indiana in October was the picture of what the Halloween season should look like. Mike and El were trying to take advantage of it. Mike had planned a trip to a cemetery to try to see if they could feel the presence of any ghosts. If nothing else, it would make a good story and he could say that he and his girlfriend had been in a spooky cemetery at night when it was close to Halloween.

As they drove there they had to pass under an old railroad bridge that was next to the cemetery.

"They say that this bridge is haunted, that a lady and her little kid were walking on the tracks and got hit by a train right here and that if you roll your windows down you can hear them crying and screaming as you drive under the bridge. People honk their horns to drown out the sound. Want to see if it's true?"

He looked over at El, who looked more than a little apprehensive.

"We don't have to. I'll just honk my horn anyway just in case." Mike honked the horn, laying on it until they were past the bridge. El gave him a weak smile.

They parked at the cemetery. It was quiet. It was dark by the time they arrived but Mike had his flashlight and knew that the longer they were there, their eyes would adjust.

"There's a kid buried here named Harvey Swick. He died in a house fire that he probably started. Anyway, supposedly his gravestone

moves around. I heard that if we start at the far corner of this place and count it's supposed to be thirteen stones in. But if we count the opposite way it will have moved."

El followed the beam of Mike's flashlight as they made their way to the south corner of the cemetery.

Eleven's hand clutched Mike's in an attempt to calm down as they walked through the graveyard. The fear written on her features was irrefutable and she was glad that it was too dark for Mike to see it. She had always allowed herself to be vulnerable around him, but something about ghosts and things she couldn't actually touch frightened her.

But that was stupid and she knew it. She had fought an actual monster and had managed to go through a lot worse than what a spirit could probably ever do to her or Mike. But that didn't stop the tremor in her voice as she spoke.

"Are we going to do that?"

"I kind of want to. Is that okay? I thought it might be a fun thing to do since it's so close to Halloween. If you don't want to though we can go home."

"No, I want to."

Eleven was determined to face whatever might happen and besides, she wanted to spend time with her boyfriend. School and Hopper had kept her away from Mike for a while and this was her chance to finally spend some time alone with him.

"These are just stories, right? Nothing is true?" She mumbled as she followed the light, her steps synchronizing with Mike's as they held hands in the dark.

Mike held the flashlight under his chin, pointing the beam upward. It caused his features to distort and made his face look ominous. He grinned.

"They've been telling these stories for years. There's got to be some truth somewhere." Seeing how frightened El looked, he frowned and

lowered the light.

"Shit, I'm sorry, El. Yeah they're just stories. Like to scare people. I don't want you to actually be scared though."

Mike hugged her. He could feel her hair tickle his neck, as her head barely reached it.

"Let's just look at the names on the stones. See if we find any funny ones."

Eleven's eyes had widened as the light beamed onto Mike's face. His features had seemed warped and spine-chilling and she hated it because it wasn't her *beautiful* Mike. Hopper had corrected her once when she had referred to Mike as beautiful and she knew that the proper term for men was handsome, but that didn't stop her from thinking of her boyfriend differently. It suited him better. Besides, you couldn't call a soul handsome. But beautiful? Yes. And that was how Mike's heart was.

She sighed in relief though when he moved the flashlight from his face and she melted in his embrace as all of her concerns faded away. But right when she was about to lean in for a kiss on his neck that she had hoped would lead to Mike taking extra steps to calm her down completely, he pulled away and she grimaced slightly. Even so, his new idea sounded promising and far less nerve-wracking.

"Okay. That sounds better."

"Let me know if you see anything I miss." They were walking into the middle of the cemetery. The weather was mild for October yet there didn't seem to be any bugs. Mike thought they had chosen the perfect night to be outside. They were totally alone and the cemetery itself was secluded behind an old church in the countryside.

As they walked, Mike noticed that not every grave was marked with a headstone. Near the center of the place there was a tomb. It was far more ornate than everything else. The name above the door to it read GRANVILLE.

"Hey let's check this out. Wow, it's fancy."

He led her by the hand to the front of the tomb, looking for more information about its occupant. They found a plaque with the name. Mike read aloud.

"Joseph Granville. He must have had some money to afford this."

The name was crawling around Mike's head though. It seemed somehow familiar. Then it came to him and he started giggling.

"What?" El narrowed her eyes at Mike, but she couldn't help but giggle back. His smile had always been contagious, her eyes and lips never failing to mimic his.

"Well I know this isn't the same guy but I guess he could maybe possibly be a relative. Or not. But I was laughing because it's the same name as the guy who invented the vibrator."

There was a bench next to the tomb. Mike removed his hoodie so that she wouldn't have to sit on the cold bench, spreading it out for her before they sat down.

"A long time ago people actually thought a woman's uterus moved around her body and it caused her to be upset. Like, they called it *wandering womb* or something like that. And women weren't thought to enjoy sex or anything. Basically they were just supposed to please their husbands but not feel anything themselves."

Mike moved his hand, pushing El's skirt up just slightly so he could rest his palm on her thigh just above her knee.

"So when they ultimately were fucking sick of being like, like unfulfilled, and they were angry or frustrated or sad or any little thing really they were said to be in hysteria."

Mike's fingers moved slowly, softly tracing circles on her inner thigh as he talked.

"And they'd go to the doctor and, well, the treatment was pelvic massage."

Mike squeezed his hand, liking how El's breath hitched.

"Basically the doctor would like, finger her until she came. But it was called something other than orgasm then. But obviously it would make the woman feel better. So a lot of women started going to the doctor for that."

He was moving his hand more, moving it along her warm, smooth inner thigh, getting further from her knee every second.

"And the doctors' hands were starting to cramp. So the one doctor, Joseph Mortimer Granville, invented a mechanical device to give the doctors' hands a break. The first vibrator. But I kind of think the massage is a sexier idea." Mike smiled. His hand had just reached the edge of her panties.

Eleven's gaze never left Mike's face as she listened to his words intently. It pained her to think that women didn't have the benefits of today's society and that they were considered hysterical for not having a good sexual life.

A small smile formed on her lips when she realized this was not the case for her and that was all thanks to Mike. He had been the best boyfriend for so long and it seemed like today was no exception.

Her breath caught in her throat as his hand traveled higher up her thigh and she spread her legs wide, allowing him to reach her panties without hesitation.

She encouraged him silently, her hand delicately wrapping around his, and she guided his fingers beneath the underwear fabric. She used his index and middle fingers to nudge the material aside until his icy fingertips reached her pussy. It sent shivers down her spine to feel something so cold in a region that was currently burning, but it only added fuel to her fire and made her squirm in pleasure.

She couldn't care less that they were in a graveyard as long as they were the only ones there and wouldn't be interrupted.

"I think you give the best massages ever." She smirked when Mike's lips parted.

The cemetery didn't seem so scary anymore.

"Do you wanna see if I could be a Victorian doctor? I promise I'll do my best."

Mike got on his knees in front of her. Since she had spread her legs there was room for him to get close to her.

"Can I take these off? I think I'll do a better job."

Mike rubbed her over her panties, slipping his fingers underneath the elastic of the leg opening, just teasing her.

"So would you like me to massage you?"

Eleven's face lit up at Mike's actions, her hands now squeezing the edge of the bench while her legs stayed open for him.

"If you want..."

He liked to tease her and as much as she reciprocated his liking, her patience was running thin this time.

"But I think I might want you to use the vibrator, too," she whispered as her right hand reached for his hair and she forced his head upwards so she could take a better look at his face under the dim light of the moon. *Beautiful*, she thought to herself and bit her bottom lip to stop herself from saying it out loud.

She shifted on the bench, enough that she could grab Mike's penis just by leaning down. Giving it a generous squeeze, she tried to let him know that his dick would be the aforementioned toy in this case.

"Oh, you want me to use a vibrator on you? But we don't have one. I think it would be best if I just massage you. It's supposed to do the trick. If you aren't happy after then we can rethink it. We're in a graveyard, Eleven. Am I supposed to just bend you over a tombstone?"

Mike was enjoying himself, seeing the look on her face as he basically refused her request. He was pulling her panties down as he spoke.

"Let's just see what you think of this, okay?"

Mike removed her underwear and gently grabbed her ankles, moving them up onto the bench so that she was completely open to him. He started by massaging her inner thighs, moving his hands lightly to elicit more feeling.

He was using both hands, getting closer to her pussy, but making it take a long time. He could see that she was getting frustrated.

"I see that you're exhibiting some of the hysteria I mentioned. Let me see if I can fix that for you."

Mike's hands were finally on her, his fingers rubbing her lips, lightly kneading them, moving from the bottom up, using tiny circular motions with his thumbs and forefingers. He could feel that she was already wet.

"Okay, Dr. Wheeler," El whispered playfully, her hand letting go of his soft strands as she returned to her initial position of clenching the wooden end of the bench.

Her knees were glued to her chest and she watched his movements carefully, her breath hitching with every little touch of his expert fingers over her burning core.

"Hmm, I see you don't have a problem with natural lubrication. That's good." He used his hands to open her as wide as he could.

"If I wasn't a professional I might want to use my mouth here, but doctors can't do that."

Mike instead used one hand to hold her open and with the other hand he traced over every part of her wet pussy.

"Just tell me if I do something you don't like."

He started then to barely touch her clit. As her breathing intensified he added a bit more pressure while his other hand stopped holding her open so he could tickle her perineum, not stopping until his fingers were brushing her asshole.

"Okay, I'm going to move to phase two. You may feel a slight bit of pressure."

He was trying his best to keep up the doctor act, trying to ignore how his cock was wanting to burst through his jeans.

Then as he kept rubbing her clit he inserted his finger into her cunt, which was practically gushing.

"Oh!"

Eleven's eyes popped wide open as her inner muscles squeezed Mike's long finger into her. It felt too good to be true, although the circumstances weren't the most appealing.

Her boyfriend was examining her as if she was a wounded animal and she loved the care and the attention, even though they were in a public space that was supposedly filled with ghosts. If there really were spirits floating around, Eleven figured they all might as well be enjoying her boyfriend's tantalizing act.

"You might need to go to phase three, doctor. I don't think your treatment is having the best results...yet."

She breathed heavily, her heart pounding in her chest as she urged Mike to stretch her further by putting more fingers inside.

Mike was having no trouble, meeting no resistance as he stroked one finger in and out of her so he inserted another. Upon hearing El's request to be stretched further he added one more finger, bringing his total to three. He was using the heel of his right hand to press against her clit while his fingers worked.

"Is my manipulation working?"

Without waiting for an answer he started to lightly curl his fingers while his free hand stimulated her asshole, not pushing in but staying on the surface. El was squirming.

"Yes, that's good. It's supposed to make you do that. Just concentrate on my fingers. Do they feel good? Can you feel them moving inside you? I can tell I'm doing something right because my hand is absolutely covered in your juices. Just enjoy it. Enjoy how it feels to have your pussy massaged."

"Mike..."

Eleven whimpered under her boyfriend's touches and fucked herself on his fingers, her ass rocking back and forth on Mike's hoodie which covered cold surface of the bench where she sat.

She tried to keep up the act and to keep calling Mike "doctor," but his fingers left her incapable of thinking straight or doing anything but moaning, her voice echoing through the secluded area.

"Please..."

"Yeah, like that. You're so sexy when you're rocking yourself on my fingers. I'm sorry, that was so unprofessional of me but I don't think I've ever had a hotter patient. Listen. Listen to the sounds it makes when you do that."

They both were quiet but didn't stop their movements. The squishing, sucking sounds filled the immediate area.

"It sounds like you want to come. Is that what you want?"

Mike was applying more pressure to her clit, moving his wrist so that he was rubbing it in a circular motion while his fingers kept being welcomed by her hot cunt.

"Yes, d-doctor. I want to come on your fingers so I can...he-heal. Can I do that? Is that allowed?"

Her sentences came out as rushed and stuttered as she continued to rock herself on Mike's hand while she tried to watch him.

It was to no avail though as she found it hard to keep her eyes open, the pleasure too overwhelming.

She remained quiet for a moment and listened to Mike's fingers working in and out of her, loving the squishy sounds that were produced by her juices and Mike's hand wiggling inside.

"I might come, doctor..." She warned in a whisper, her thighs trying to come together but they were kept apart by Mike's body between them.

Mike grinned and continued his work.

"You may feel a strange sensation, maybe like you need to urinate, but don't stop what you're doing. Just feel everything I'm doing. I'm touching your insides. I can already feel your muscles start to contract. I'm going to know when it happens since my hand is inside you but do me a favor and tell me what you feel when you climax."

Mike was rubbing her lips with one hand, alternating between doing that and teasing her ass, while his other hand actively worked to make her come.

"Tell me, El. Because you're already spasming on my fingers."

Eleven had been pushing her hips back and forth instinctively until she felt the familiar feeling taking over her body. That was when she stopped moving altogether, her hands squeezing her knees so hard Mike was certain they were going to be bruised the next day.

"I'm gonna...I...I'm coming...oh, doctor! Oh, oh, Mike..."

Her jumbled words escaped from between her parted lips as Mike continued to pump his fingers in and out of her and to caress her clit and it reached the point of being too much to handle.

Her body started convulsing involuntarily and she continued to bruise her own legs by clutching them tightly, her eyes fluttering wide open as she looked between her legs at what Mike was doing. She managed to keep her eyes down on her pussy getting finger fucked for a few seconds before her vision went blank and she screamed Mike's name one last time.

Mike could only watch the violent orgasm that overtook her. He didn't know if he'd done something awesome or if it was their location or how they were talking but the why of it didn't matter as much as the what. And the *what* was that she was coming so hard on his hand he could see it in the dark. She came so hard she squirted a little. Mike just kept his rhythm until he felt her spasms subside. Then he still kept massaging her, first her inner lips and then her outer ones, followed by her inner thighs once again.

"Was that good? It looked good. I love to watch you come, El."

"Mhm," Eleven mumbled in a state of complete bliss, her lips turning into a dumb smile.

She watched Mike through half-lidded eyes, always dumbstruck at how he could excel in everything he put his mind to. She felt nothing but love and admiration for him and she knew he deserved the world, but more than that...he deserved to feel the same right now.

"How can I pay you, doctor? You've saved my life." She continued the act as she brought her legs back together and guided Mike back on his feet until he was standing in front of her with his bulge at her eye level.

Her delicate hands started cupping his erection through his pants before her mouth pressed onto the fabric and she traced the outline of his hard cock with her lips.

"Well what did you have in mind? I'm flexible on my payment terms."

"Oh, then I'm sure we can work something out."

She looked up at him and grinned before slowly unzipping his pants and freeing his cock from the confinement of his boxers.

The musky scent invaded her nostrils as his member sprung free and she licked her upper lip in anticipation before getting a hold of his cock and wrapping her mouth around the pre-cum covered tip.

"Do you accept this form of payment, Dr. Wheeler?" She whispered after letting go of the swollen head with a *pop*, but continued to stroke his length.

"I...god yes. Oh, please do that." Mike watched as El's head bobbed up and down on his cock. He had gotten so turned on massaging her, he hadn't been aware of how much he needed to feel her mouth on him until it was wrapped around his rock hard shaft.

He wanted her. It felt great to have her mouth on his dick but his mind was still filled with the image of her coming on his hand, calling him doctor, and he wanted to sink himself as far into her as

he could. He could think of nothing better than being balls deep in her pussy, which continued to be tight no matter how he used it.

After placing both of her hands on either side of Mike's hips, El started bobbing her head up and down and squeezing his butt as she forced his cock as deep as she could take it down her throat.

She gagged a few times; being stubborn was one of the things everyone knew her to be, so she didn't give up slurping and choking onto Mike's big cock, not even when the tears started forming inside the corners of her eyes.

His raspy moans echoed through the cemetery and they only worked as a turn on for El, her pussy throbbing with every little sound that escaped his lips.

After a few minutes of deep throating with no break she pulled away and panted, trying to catch her breath before she spoke.

"I can't take it. Can you fuck me? You can finish in my mouth when we're done if you want," she offered and feigned a sympathetic smile. She loved sucking Mike off, but she wanted to feel his cock split her cunt open this time.

Mike didn't need to be asked but hearing her ask anyway only turned him on more.

"You want me to fuck you? El, don't you know that's like the only thing I want to do?"

He pulled her to her feet. Not far from them was a row of tombstones.

"I'm sure Mr. Evans won't mind. He'll probably cheer us on," Mike said as bent El over the headstone.

Eleven wanted to compliment him on his little joke but she didn't get a chance before he spoke again, his words making her arch her back even more and push her ass against his cock.

"I'm gonna fuck you now. Here in this cemetery. I'm gonna make you come with my cock this time."

"I'd let you fuck me anywhere, Mike," she murmured, her hand reaching behind her back so she could grip the base of his cock and position it at her slick entry. "That's all I want, too."

Mike was already lined up, El's hand having put him exactly where he needed to be.

"I'm gonna put my hard dick inside you now," he said as he pushed himself in.

She was so warm and wet and still so tight that he forgot for a second that they were outside, in a cemetery of all places.

"Oh, fuck you feel good." Mike reached around, grabbing her thighs where they met her torso. He was behind her with his cock buried in her cunt but he used his grip to pull her closer, sending his cock deeper.

"Were you thinking about this while I was massaging you? Because I was. I couldn't wait to feel my dick slide into you."

He was whispering, breathing his words into her ear as he fucked her with wild abandon.

"Oh, yes..."

Eleven moved her ass back to meet Mike's thrusts. She kept her hands on the sturdy tombstone for support and widened her stance so she could take more of Mike's cock inside her warm pussy.

She gasped and moaned with every slap of his hips against her ass before she managed to murmur.

"What if there are ghosts watching us? I'm sure they think you're the best. Making me squirt on your fingers and now stuffing me with your fat cock, ah, fuck!"

"If there are then let's give them a show." Mike moved one hand, raising her shirt above her breasts. She was wearing a bra but he slipped it up so that her breasts were out. He squeezed one, running his thumb and forefinger over her hardened nipple just after.

"Let me hear you. The ghosts want to hear all about how I'm fucking you." Mike's words were hot in her ear and he felt her pussy walls grip him tighter with his suggestion.

Eleven was certain she would've panicked if it hadn't been for Mike fucking her brains out. She was still not comfortable with the idea of spirits she couldn't see and therefore fight, but having Mike hold her close to his body and actually being inside her cunt managed to take her mind off the creepy element of their subject. She was left with just the exciting part; the one in which Mike fucked her into oblivion to put on a show.

She let go of the tombstone temporarily and leaned her back against Mike's chest, her arm encircling his neck from behind as she tilted her head until her lips met his halfway.

She slipped her tongue inside his mouth and he licked the inside of hers, the difficult angle making them both smear their saliva around their lips as well while Mike continued ramming his cock into her dripping cunt from behind.

"I changed...my mind. Come inside me. I want to take your come home...with me," she whispered close to his face.

Mike smiled. He had known already how difficult it would be to pull out, she was so tight and wet, but hearing her say she wanted him to come inside her never ceased to be the most erotic thing ever.

"Sure, I can come in you. El? Is that what you want? You want to feel me shoot so much come inside you? Because there's no way it's not gonna be a lot. It's gonna run down your legs for hours."

Mike kept fucking her, his hands wrapped around the front of her thighs so near where his cock was slipping easily into her cunt, so slick with her own arousal.

"But I want you to come again first. At least close to me. I want us to come together in this graveyard while whatever ghosts watch us, watching my hard dick slamming into your sweet cunt."

El mumbled in approval before her hands went back to the

tombstone, using it as support to fuck herself back onto Mike's cock.

She reached between her legs with one hand after a while and spread her pussy lips as much as she could. She could feel Mike's penis grazing her fingers every time he would enter or leave her tight cunt and she moaned loudly, not caring about whoever might hear them.

"You always fuck me so good...oh, shit. You split my cunt open when we were barely teens...and you're still...the only one. You'll always have my pussy to fuck, Mike. I'm all yours," she cried out and let Mike do most of the work while she panted with every rough thrust. That was what she needed right now though; to have Mike bend her over this tombstone and fuck her so hard she could barely talk.

She was getting close, her legs gradually coming closer together as she felt the tension building up in her lower region.

"You're gonna make me come again, ah, fuck...Mike! I'm gonna come on your cock."

Her voice was almost inaudible as she whispered mostly to herself, letting the thought of her orgasm sink in as she braced herself for what was about to happen.

It didn't take long. The sound of Mike's balls slapping against her ass cheeks so harshly indicated to her that he was just as close and that was when she let herself loose, her lips parting but no sound coming out as she orgasmed so hard her breath caught in her throat.

Mike loved it when she told him how she was about to come. She sounded so frantic. She was meeting his thrusts, slamming herself into him hard. She was crying out every time he was all the way inside, like it physically hurt her when he pulled back.

"I can feel how much you want my cock, El. Oh, don't stop doing that. You are sexy as fuck."

Mike was barely moving while he watched. She was pushing herself back and then forward. El was bent over a headstone, fucking Mike while he watched her cunt swallow his dick.

"Oh, fuck. Yeah, fuck me, El."

Mike felt it then. He felt her tense up, her pussy gripping his cock and trembling all around it.

"Yeah, like that. Come all over my cock."

Mike started fucking her more vigorously as she came around him. He wanted so badly to come while he could still feel her walls quivering.

"Oh, shit. I'm coming, El. I'm gonna come so hard in your tight cunt. Keep coming on me. I hope you feel this."

Mike slammed himself into her hard as he felt the first jet of come shoot from the swollen head of his cock. He was buried in her, still feeling her quake around him as he started spurting come deep inside her.

Eleven's tightening cunt milked Mike dry, warm spurts of come filling her up so much it started spilling down her legs before Mike even managed to pull out.

They came almost at the same time and it felt surreal to feel Mike shoot loads of sperm inside her pussy while she orgasmed, her walls sucking all the white, creamy liquid out of him.

She was still shaking when they both finished, her legs barely able to function properly or hold her up if it hadn't been for Mike's firm grip on her body.

"I love you so much," she whispered tiredly with Mike still deeply buried inside of her from behind. She leaned her back on his chest and tried to catch her breath, smiling at how much fun their spooky cemetery trip turned out to be.

"I know you do. You show me all the time. I only hope you know how much I love you too." Mike's cock was still twitching inside her but he was in no hurry to pull himself out.

"You're always so amazing. I don't think I'll ever get used to how good you are. And I think the ghosts are pleased. Who wouldn't be? You'd think being in a cemetery at night near Halloween would be scary but I just came harder than ever. I guess there's something to be

said for that. It's Halloween after all; everyone is entitled to one good scare."

He kissed her neck, wrapping his arms around her tightly.

"And you got *two* scares."

His metaphor wasn't lost on El. She was a clever girl.

Author's Note: Liberties were taken with the hauntings mentioned in this chapter. That is to say, they were fabricated for the purpose of the story. As far as the other happenings, with what is planned for future chapters, this might seem tame in hindsight but writing this is so fun and it's because of one person. I don't care what you say, you're an angel to me.

4. Hey Wolf Moon

NOTICE that this chapter does contain period sex so if that isn't something you want to read about, don't read it. This work is rated M for a reason.

There would always be a special place for Halloween in the hearts of Mike Wheeler and El Hopper. Every year they tried to make it better than the previous year and they'd had some excellent Octobers throughout their eleven year relationship.

Meeting up with their friends had become a little harder to coordinate for them ever since they graduated college and everyone had gotten jobs. They were excited to hang out with Lucas, Dustin, and Max for Halloween, even if it wasn't on the actual day. Since Halloween was on a Monday that year they were spending the Saturday night before at a farm that belonged to Dustin's uncle on the outskirts of Hawkins. Will couldn't make it. The plan was to wear costumes for nostalgia's sake and Dustin was going to make a nice place in the barn for them all to hang out and watch horror movies. He even had a hayride planned from the driveway out to the barn. Mike and El were going as Han Solo and Princess Leia. El wanted to wear the white costume from the first movie because she always liked to be naked underneath her Halloween costumes and she liked the thought of wearing pure white when she and Mike inevitably did the very naughty things she knew they would end up doing.

El had just gotten out of the shower and her wet hair hung down in such a way that made it seem like she had gotten caught in the rain. She looked at herself in the full length mirror and thought she looked way sexy. She was making herself hot by posing and touching herself, letting the towel drop seductively. Mike wasn't home yet and she was feeling like she couldn't wait for him. She opened the drawer of the nightstand and took out her pink vibrator before she sat down on the floor in front of the mirror. She watched herself as she ran the dildo over her pussy, which she'd waxed herself the day before. She could see the sheen of her wetness reflected in the mirror as she spread her legs. She reached down to feel how wet she was and was surprised

that her hand was instantly covered in her own juices.

I wish Mike was here.

Thinking of Mike, she touched the tip of the vibrator to her exposed clit, feeling the trembles of the head, swirling it around in circles before she eased it down and into her pussy, going slowly to tease herself, to make herself beg. When she couldn't wait any longer she pushed the whole length into her cunt, all seven inches or so, and fucked herself with it as she watched in the mirror. She sat there looking at herself with a big dildo burrowing into her wet hole.

I'm going to come now...

"Yeah, oh shit that looks good," she whispered as she started to come on the pink vibrating dildo, plunging it deep into her cunt, rubbing her clit as she did so, and brought herself off on the carpet of her bedroom. She watched as her back hitched and she pressed the dildo deep inside herself, riding it to get the full effect, and felt the waves of pulsating climax overtake her. It wasn't as hard as when Mike made her come but it was definitely what she needed at that moment and since he wasn't there she thought she'd found a suitable enough substitute.

Then as she pulled the vibrator back out she noticed blood.

"Fuck!" She cried, completely annoyed.

Mike had gotten home a little earlier than he planned and as he made his way down the hall he noticed that the bedroom door was ajar and he heard El moaning. He recognized those moans.

He walked quietly to the door and peeked into the room. El was sitting on the floor in front of the mirror, which was in the corner of the bedroom so she didn't see him watching her but from where he was standing he could see everything.

He watched her. He was enjoying the show but after she finished he knew from her exasperated tone and the look on her face that she was in no way happy. He pushed the door open and stepped into the room.

"Everything okay?"

She was still sitting naked in the floor holding the vibrator but she wasn't embarrassed at all.

"I just started my period. Now I can't wear the Leia costume the way I wanted and I feel like Halloween is ruined and it's all my fault."

Mike was thoughtful. He offered her his hand to help her up from the floor.

"I have an idea. But hey, you won't ruin Halloween. You never ruin anything. I'll be right back." Mike kissed her forehead and left for another room. When he returned a couple of minutes later he was holding piece of deep crimson fabric and a wolf mask. "Okay, I know you were Red Riding Hood a few years ago but this cape is the perfect color and I know the matching dress is hanging in the closet. You can still be naked like you want and the dress will cover it all. I'll be the wolf so we'll still match."

Mike put the mask on his head to demonstrate. It really fit perfectly.

"You do look cute as a wolf. Okay. I'm in. The first day is always kind of light anyway. I shouldn't be a gory mess. Hopefully."

"See? That's the Halloween spirit! My brave girl." Mike took off the mask and set that and the cape on the bed. He wrapped his arms around El, who was still standing naked in the middle of the bedroom. His hands roamed as they kissed and El giggled.

"Mike, we need to get ready." She playfully pushed him away, but not before he could steal one more kiss.

He smiled against her lips.

"It's gonna be a happy Halloween."

Everyone was already at the farmhouse waiting on them when Mike and El arrived. El couldn't stop glancing over at him in his ripped jeans and flannel shirt and wolf mask. She thought he looked damn sexy.

Mike was having trouble keeping his eyes off El too. She had put her hair into low pigtails and the bodice on her dress was tight and he knew she was naked underneath it and his mind was racing with desire. He kept it in check though because they were about to be in the presence of company.

"Well, well, well, this is certainly a motley crew," Mike said as they approached the group. "Am I crazy, Max, or are you Malachi from *Children of the Corn*?"

"Outlander!" Max yelled in answer to his question. She was smiling, happy that her costume was recognizable. Her red hair had worked in her favor.

"Lucas is obviously Lando Calrissian," El added.

"And Dustin is Jason Voorhees." Mike seemed pleased with himself.

"Mike, I'll have you know that I am *not* Jason. If you'll observe the chevrons on my mask you'll notice that they are blue instead of red and I am wearing coveralls, not pants and a shirt. I'm clearly Roy from *Friday the 13th Part V*."

"Wow, you're such a nerd," Mike shook his head as they all laughed.

"I proudly am! Now let's hop into the hay and I'll drive the wagon down to the barn. It's kind of far to walk." Dustin was already climbing up into the driver's seat of the tractor which was attached to a very cozy looking hay filled wagon that would be their transport to the barn.

They laughed and talked the whole way. El was happy that she didn't feel like her being on her period was causing any problems yet and she was relaxed but also already horny. But there was nothing she could do to fix that in her current state.

The barn was huge with stables and additions attached to a main room, in which Dustin had set out big area rugs and beanbags and a TV so they could watch horror movies. There was even a popcorn machine.

While everyone sat around talking, El couldn't help being curious

about the barn. She wanted to investigate it.

"Hey, Max. I'm going to go have a look around this place. If Mike misses me will you tell him what I'm doing?" Mike was in the middle of a conversation with Lucas and she didn't want to interrupt them catching up.

"Sure thing, El. I'll send him running right along when he cries for you," Max laughed. El rolled her eyes and grinned.

El walked around exploring the barn. She could no longer hear the voices of her friends as she got deeper into the structure. She stopped walking, realizing she was being followed. She started to run but found herself in the stables at the back of the barn. A dead end.

She knew exactly who was following her but she played along. She huddled in the corner of the stable. Soon there was a wolfman shaped shadow on the wall that got smaller as he drew nearer.

Mike rounded the corner and found El sitting in the stable. He just stared at her. Then he shook his head as if he was scolding her. On the wall to his right was a riding crop used to make horses go faster. He took it down and held it in his hand like a Catholic school teacher who was about to hit a student with a ruler. He slowly walked toward El while she was preparing for her punishment. She stood up, cowering in front of him as though she was afraid.

"I ran away. I know I was bad. Do whatever you have to do. You're the big, bad wolf," El told him in a sexy voice. He came nearer to her and softly ran the riding crop over her ass as she stood in front of him. Then he spoke.

"Bend over." A husky voice through the wolf mask.

There was a sawhorse being stored in that stable and she leaned over it, her ass sticking out in the air, moonlight sifting through the window and the cracks in the boards of the barn, illuminating the curve of her cheeks. She felt the crop rest on her ass.

Whack!

It stung as he hit her with it but it also felt naughty. He didn't hit as

hard as he could, just enough so that the sound could be heard and El could definitely feel it, but he wasn't going to hurt her.

Whack!

Mike did it again, tracing a circle with the tip of the crop over El's stinging cheeks after he did so. He traced the outline of her shape, then moved it closer to her asshole, the cold riding crop feeling good on her hot skin.

Whack!

One last time Mike did it and then El felt his warm hand on her cheeks, softly rubbing away the sting from the riding crop, squeezing and spreading her flesh apart. She felt herself dripping onto her thighs.

"I think the only punishment suitable is for you to fuck my ass. Oh please punish me with your big meat for running away," she said to Mike.

With that he turned her around and lifted up the mask. Her face softened up upon seeing the boy she loved so much.

Without hesitation, he grabbed El's wrist and pulled her closer until their lips met. His kiss was gentle, apologetic almost, feeling bad for what he had just done although he was pretty sure El had enjoyed it.

His hands went up to her neck where the cape was tied and he gently took it off, his mouth never leaving hers in the process.

"I know you're on your period, but you're not getting away from me," he grinned before he spun her body around until she was bent over the sawhorse once again.

He knelt while El had her back turned to him and his large hands cupped her ass cheeks and spread them apart. He could see a thin strip of blood oozing out of her pussy and his hard cock throbbed, but he decided to focus on her asshole for now.

He could tell she had shaved every inch of herself, her pink asshole twitching involuntarily as he tried to force it open as his tongue came

into contact with it.

Wet stripes of his tongue ran up and down her hole at first, but he soon started sucking and inserting his tongue in repeatedly. He could tell El was enjoying it, there was no way she wasn't from the way she moaned.

"Mike, are you sure?" El was suddenly very cognizant of the fact that blood was pooling between her pussy lips but his tongue felt so nice that she didn't really want him to stop. His hands were warm on her ass and the moonlight spilling into the stable made it seem like they were in a movie.

Mike refused to reply. Instead, he grabbed her hips and pulled her ass impossibly closer to him as he tried to bury his face between her ass cheeks. It seemed to work, the action eliciting another moan from El and he took that as his cue to keep going, his tongue fucking her tight hole while he steadied her.

But as the minutes passed by, he couldn't ignore the familiar twitching coming from his lower region. He wanted to be inside her and he wasn't going to waste any more time, as much as he loved sucking and licking every inch of her asshole.

He stood up and dropped his jeans and boxers to his ankles, his cock springing free right in front of El's ass. He ran the swollen tip over her butthole, but all he could think of was what he had seen earlier, the period blood coming out of her pussy, and all he wanted was to see it glistening on his cock.

"El...what if I wanted to fuck your pussy? Would you be okay with it?"

It was a nervous and tentative question since period sex was something they hadn't tried before, but his tone was desperate and full of lust. The tip of his dick traveled lower until he was rubbing it over her pussy lips and he groaned, already imagining what it would feel like to fuck the blood in and out of her cunt.

"You...you *want* to?" El was a bit surprised but she was also so turned on by the whole spooky barn atmosphere and his stalking her in the

wolf mask, not to mention how it felt when his tongue was licking and prodding her asshole, she really hoped she'd heard him correctly.

She felt Mike's hand move up the back of her dress and then he was pulling the zipper down. It fell to her feet, a puddle of fabric on the ground. He spun her around so that she was looking at him. He had pulled the mask back down over his head for the time being.

"My, my, what a big cock you have," she said coyly, tracing her finger lightly over his rigid member, keeping up the fairy tale act.

Then he spun her again, bending her back over the sawhorse and El could feel him tracing his cock all over her ass. She felt the tip of it on her tight asshole but then he moved down as his dick sought what he really wanted.

"You have no idea," Mike whispered, the tip of his cock still toying with her outer lips. He inserted just the head in after a while, only to retract it and see it covered in red. It made his insides churn in anticipation of what was yet to come and he mumbled full of lust. He tossed the mask aside in favor of being able to see more clearly.

"Your blood is on my cock, El...fuck, that's so hot."

They both became a moaning mess once he buried himself in her dripping pussy. At that point Mike couldn't even tell if it was her juices or the period blood, but he figured it was a combination of the two and the thought of it alone made him moan as he started fucking El with long and slow thrusts.

The measured pace allowed Mike to see his cock in its full splendor as he entered and left her tight hole covered in blood and all he could do was squeeze her ass cheeks apart to have a better look.

"Fuck, El. I can't believe I'm actually fucking you on your period. Do you know how long I've wanted to do this? But I was too afraid to ask. I thought you might think I'm a weirdo or something. But I don't care. It's so fucking hot to fuck the blood in and out of you. It's all over my dick, shit," he whispered in a low voice while his hips continued to move back and forth.

El was loving how slow and deep Mike was thrusting into her. She still couldn't believe he'd wanted to do this but she had to admit it made her feel sexy, that he would want her even now.

She wished she could see more but she had a pretty good imagination and she could picture how they must look, how she was naked except for her heels, bent over the sawhorse, Mike plowing into her cunt, his dick causing the blood to smear over her thighs. She knew he was going slowly so that he could watch his cock disappear and then reappear covered in her blood.

"Do you like that, Mike?" El asked as he penetrated her again, making her stumble forward a little. He was getting more forceful with every thrust.

"Love it," Mike smiled dreamily.

He decided to switch things up a bit and so he pulled El off the sawhorse and sat on his knees on the ground, guiding El into his lap. Her legs wrapped around his waist, his arms holding her close to him, and he entered her again from that position.

"Look down, El. Look at my cock fucking your bloody pussy," he whispered to her between moans and sighs and El did as she was told, her voice soon accompanying Mike's as they moaned and groaned together.

He started kissing her after a while and her legs wrapped tighter around him. It was like if they had let go of one another the whole thing would end and neither of them wanted it to.

She pushed herself onto his cock, pushing it in as far as it would go and when she raised herself up and tried to swallow his shaft back in, it slipped. Mike hadn't taken into consideration the added lubrication.

They both chuckled though and El soon pulled up and told him to hold his cock in place for her. He did and she eased down and let it slip back into her cunt.

She loved to see the reactions on his face as he felt his piece slide into her very tight pussy and then see his face as she started to

bounce up and down on his hard prick. His hands moved to her hips so he could control her fucking, breaking up the rhythm every now and then, pushing all the way in and holding it there, then easing out, then resuming the rhythmic plowing.

El's pussy was leaking all over Mike's cock and he could tell just by looking down at their conjoined bodies.

"We're both a mess," he laughed as they continued to fuck, her ass bouncing on his thighs. The blood was smeared all over Mike's pelvic region and El's womanhood and to see that only brought him closer to the edge of his orgasm.

"I...don't...care," El breathed as she continued to fuck him. She knew he was right, from the new position she could see, and she actually had been a little surprised at first at how hot it really looked. Her imagination was one thing; reality was another. Her reality was proving how erotic the whole act was.

Then she giggled a little, or as much as she could while she was being deeply fucked.

"Mike, we're in an old barn. How are we gonna clean ourselves up?" Her sentences were staccato, each word uttered as she sank herself down on him time and again.

"This is so hot, I love this, but I don't really want them to know." El started sucking on his neck, not caring if she left any marks.

Mike moaned as El's lips latched onto his neck, his eyes rolling in the back of his head. He was incapable of coming up with an answer to her concerns, his hips only snapping up and down as El met his thrusts halfway.

"Don't...care. Let them see," he whispered once he managed to gather his thoughts.

He did care though. He would never want El to feel uncomfortable or embarrassed in front of their group of friends and he knew he was going to escort her to the nearest bathroom as soon as they were done fucking. Her cape could cover the evidence until then, while he

could just tuck himself back into his jeans. The thought of spending the rest of the night with El's blood on his cock only made him pound her harder, her breasts bouncing with every thrust. He didn't want to come before her, but he couldn't take it anymore. The whole act was so unbearably hot and his hips kept stuttering against her, his moans filling the old barn.

"Might cum, El. I'm gonna cum inside you and it's going to mix with your blood, oh fuck..."

"That's what you wanted, isn't it? I'm so glad you wanted to do this. This is so hot, Mike. I love fucking you at Halloween and this afternoon I was thinking about what we'd do tonight. I was so, oh fuck, *pissed* when I finished with my, oh god just like that, vibrator and saw that I'd started. But, oh I'm so close, Mike, this is even better than anything I imagined."

El looked down to watch him slipping inside her. She grabbed his hand from where it was on her hip and moved it to her clit.

"Touch me. Let's do it together. Make me come on your bloody cock."

Her bottom lip went between her teeth on the left side of her mouth, she knew he liked it when she did that, and she held eye contact, feeling her orgasm quickly approaching.

"Oh, you're doing it. Don't stop," she whispered. "Keep fucking me...I'm...oh, fuck, Mike. I'm coming...coming on you..."

She could no longer speak. Her senses were invaded by the smell of the barn and the sounds of their bodies slapping together, their guttural moaning, the feeling of being thoroughly fucked on the dirty floor of a barn, how it looked when his cock pulled out and she could see her own blood staining it. Everything worked together to send her far over the edge.

Mike watched her in awe the whole time they fucked, but it was mainly El who did the work at the end. He felt her coming so hard on his cock, her inner muscles sucking him in so strongly his vision went blank.

"Oh shit, so tight, fuck, oh fuck..."

His hips snapped upward two more times before he came as well, emptying loads of come inside her pussy. He was buried to the hilt as he did so, his whole body twitching in the aftermath of his powerful climax. He was certain he hadn't orgasmed so hard in a while.

Opening his eyes, he took in their surroundings while El lay her head on his shoulder. They were both tired and he held her tightly to his chest as he glanced around the inside of the barn, noticing how hushed and magical everything seemed now that their moans were no longer echoing throughout the shed.

"I love you so much," he whispered absentmindedly. He wasn't even sure if he was directly talking to El or simply voicing out his incommensurable love for her. But it felt right to say it after what they had just done. He hadn't thought he could ever feel more bonded to El, but tonight had proven him wrong.

As El rested her head on his shoulder she thought about how much she loved this part, how he would always hold her so close she could feel his heart beating. Being where they were now was even more exciting. Sex between them was always good but this had been new and the setting was intoxicating to say the least. And feeling how hard Mike had just come inside her had made her feel ridiculously happy.

El sighed. She felt so content.

"I love you so much too. Thank you for not being all grossed out by me."

Mike was taken aback. He couldn't even fathom the thought of ever being grossed out by anything related to El. The fact that she would ever think that way made his heart ache, but he was determined to prove that not a single part of her could ever repulse him.

"Never," he whispered and kissed the top of her head. His answer was simple for now, but he would make sure to elaborate it through gestures over time.

El smiled and kissed his cheek. "You have the best heart. Happy Halloween, Mike."

Author's Note: The title comes from the Type O Negative song Wolf Moon, from the chorus, which I'm pretty sure is about this same subject. To one special person, thank you for turning my story into something far better than I ever could have made it. We are the best team. You know who you are. You know who WE are.

5. Monster Mash

Still experimenting with writing things I haven't written before so be warned that there's a little stuff in here that is not mainstream smut and could be off-putting to people without open minds. El is a curious lass. If you get there and don't like it, I'm sorry but this here is rated M, and that's a hard M.

"Well, at least you'll be a *sexy* vampire. I like the stockings and the boots best." Mike Wheeler was standing in the bathroom of the apartment he shared with his girlfriend trying to apply grayish-green makeup to his entire face. They were going to a Halloween costume party and while Eleven was going as a vampire, Mike was pretty thrilled about his own costume.

"And you'll be a sexy Frankenstein," she said as she entered the bathroom to work on her own makeup. Her costume required far less than Mike's but El wanted to make sure she looked undead.

"I'm *Frankenstein's Monster*! Frankenstein was the doctor who made him."

El rolled her eyes. "There's my nerd."

The party was packed with people in costume. Mike and El were ready to have a great time and relieve some stress. They both felt the weight of their final year in college pressing down on them.

They'd already had a few drinks and Mike was having a good time. He went over to the bar to get another drink and El started chatting with a couple of guys. One was dressed as a mummy and the other was The Phantom of the Opera. She was laughing at what they were saying when they were joined by a guy in a devil costume.

As Mike walked back toward her he saw one of them lean down and whisper something in her ear. It was The Phantom of the Opera. El smiled and then saw Mike. She almost ran up to him and asked him something that left him speechless, saying she'd been asked to dance and would that be okay.

Mike just stood there, his jaw almost on the floor. El seemed to take it as a yes, or at least not a *no*, because soon she was dancing with the Phantom as Mike stood there watching.

El followed the buff Phantom onto the dance floor. She couldn't really see his face apart from his smile and that was all she needed to loosen up and dance with him. The two shots of tequila she'd had beforehand definitely helped with her moves and she swayed against him. He spun her around and pressed his muscular chest to her back.

It felt weird, having anyone but Mike so close to her body but that was all she could see around her. She had recognized some of the faces at the party and she knew some of the dancing couples weren't actually together. She figured this was just one of those things that she had missed out on by always clinging onto Mike. Maybe it was normal.

"What are you doing later?" The Phantom whispered close to her ear as she continued to move her body to the beat. His hands touched the fabric of her skimpy dress right above her hips, but El didn't seem to feel it.

"I'm...going home."

The question puzzled her; not really understanding why a stranger would be interested in what her plans were after the party was over.

She'd go home with Mike, of course. He was the reason she had decided to come here in the first place. College was hard enough for both of them and El knew how much they both needed a break. She spotted him at the bar, staring at her with an expression she couldn't quite recall seeing before. The flashing, multicolored lights didn't allow her to read his features properly, but she still offered him her secret, innocent smile reserved only for him.

Mike watched El dance. She seemed to be having a good time but he didn't like how the guy was touching her. He'd put his hands on her hips and El had done nothing to push them away. Then Mike saw him whisper something in her ear and could see her mouth moving with her answer but he didn't know what was said.

The song ended and Mike felt relieved but then another song started, a slower one, and Mike was mortified to see that she was dancing with the same guy again. He had spun her so that she was facing him and had pulled her into a semi embrace.

Mike saw the Phantom say something to El and she nodded. Then he saw the mummy and the devil appearing to ask the Phantom a question, both of them pointing at El, and the Phantom waved them both away. To Mike it looked like they had been asking to have the next dance with her.

Then the Phantom's hands were resting on the top of her ass. Mike could see his fingers moving in slow circles.

What the actual fuck? Mike could take no more. He strode across the floor until he reached them.

"I need to talk to you," he said to El, grabbing her hand.

"I think the fuck not. She's dancing with me," The Phantom insisted.

"I don't fucking think so. Come on, El. We need to talk."

"Didn't you hear me Frankenstein? She's with *me*." The Phantom shoved Mike away roughly.

Mike was pissed. "I'm Frankenstein's Monster you dumb piece of shit and *she is with me!*" Mike grabbed El's hand again.

This time he got a punch to the jaw.

There were gasps and somewhere they heard someone yell *fight!* Mike felt dazed but more out of surprise than injury. He was about to punch back when suddenly the Phantom's feet flew out from under him and he stumbled into a tub of water full of apples. There was immediate laughter.

"Come on." Mike tugged El away and tried not to notice the look of confusion and worry that was written on her face. He pulled her behind him down a hallway until he found an empty room.

"What happened?" El asked as they entered the dark room. Her eyes

hadn't adjusted to the lack of light yet and the fact that she couldn't see anything only made her more anxious. Mike being so urgent was the thing that gave her anxiety in the first place.

He refused to talk and when she grabbed his hand she realized he was pacing back and forth.

"Mike, what's going on? You're scaring me," her voice was shaky as she pulled him close to her and finally found his eyes in the dimly lit room. He looked different.

"I don't need you to fight my battles. I could have taken that guy. God, Eleven. Were you just going to let him keep touching you like that? Were you going to just let him do whatever he wanted? Because that's how it looked to me." Mike knew his tone was harsher than he liked to be with her but he was feeling things he hadn't really felt before. He had seen her with another guy, a stronger looking guy, better looking, and Mike hadn't liked it at all.

Eleven watched him in bewilderment, her bottom lip starting to tremble already. She had no idea something as ordinary as dancing with someone other than your partner was so frowned upon, but it didn't even matter anymore. Mike was angry at her and there was nothing she could do to change it.

"Is that what you want? To be with someone different?" Mike didn't let her answer before he spun her to unzip her short dress, which he then yanked down until it fell to the floor, leaving her in only black fishnet pantyhose with no panties on underneath, tall black boots, and a lacy black bra. He pushed her down onto the bed. She landed on her back.

"Because I can be someone different."

"No, Mike, I didn't-," she blurted out, her eyes bulging in shock. She hated to see Mike so upset, but the way he manhandled her still turned her on and her body had no clue how to react.

Mike dropped his suit jacket on the floor. His hands quickly went to her fishnet covered pussy and he traced his fingers over her lips. He could tell that she was wet.

"You want some rough jock type dude? Well how's *this*?"

Mike's fingers went through the netting and he pulled hard, ripping the hose at her crotch. He kept pulling until the hole grew large enough to give him full access to her now dripping pussy and her ass, leaving the rest of the stockings in place on her legs. She was still wearing the boots and Mike sat back for a second to look at her.

"My god, you are sexy as fuck. Do you want some cock?"

"Only yours," she squealed apologetically and lifted herself up on her elbows to inspect what he had done to her fishnet pantyhose. It made her pussy throb to have Mike roughing her up. He had never done it before, at least not out of jealousy.

Mike's cock was bulging, wanting to be set free. Seeing Eleven in the ripped pantyhose, fishnets at that, was driving him crazy. But he was going to savor this. He was still feeling a little insecure despite her reassurance and he wanted to make sure she wouldn't forget this any time soon.

He did unfasten his belt and his slacks and simply pushed his pants down to allow his hard cock to breathe. Like El, he wasn't wearing underwear.

She's in her boots, think I'll leave mine on too, Mike thought. He pulled his shirt over his head.

She was already writhing in anticipation, but Mike methodically got on his knees and proceeded to lick her, his tongue barely touching her slick lower lips, eliciting a groan from her.

"Do you like that?" He asked, doing it again. "Do you need more?" As he asked he let his finger ghost over her clit, licking her again.

"I do," she whimpered and grabbed a handful of dark locks without pulling at them. Mike was already mad at her, the last thing she wanted was to bring another source of discomfort.

She hissed as his tongue lapped over her wet folds again. It felt heavenly, his slick muscle rubbing circles over every inch of her pussy and she sighed, unsure of how to react. A part of her couldn't

fully relish in the feeling of being pleased by her boyfriend because her mind kept screaming that she didn't deserve it this time. He was on his knees, licking her pussy thoroughly as if she hadn't just hurt him in the worst possible way without even realizing.

Mike was transferring greenish-gray makeup from his face onto her legs and her stockings as his mouth moved over her, making her inner thighs messy with makeup and her own arousal.

"Mike-" her fingers gripped a few strands of hair until he stopped completely. "You don't...have to."

Her voice was remorseful despite the lust shimmering in her eyes and before he knew it, she pushed herself off the bed until he was standing up and her knees were glued to the floor, her nose bumping against his throbbing cock.

"I didn't know, I'm so sorry."

Their eyes locked and she wrapped her lips around his pre-cum covered tip. Her cheeks hollowed as she sucked only once before letting go of it with a *pop*. Mike was confused.

"I don't want anyone but you," she breathed out then proceeded to lick him all over his length, her hand pumping his shaft when her mouth went down to his balls.

Mike felt like an asshole. She hadn't even known she was doing anything that might upset him. The love he felt for her then almost made him cry. He cradled her head in his hands.

"El, hey, look at me." His cock was throbbing and her mouth felt amazing around it but he only wanted to take care of her now. She was the best thing he'd ever have and it made him feel good to make her feel good.

Her eyes met his from her place on the floor. He guided her to her feet, his cock brushing against her stomach as she stood. In the boots she was a tiny bit taller.

Mike kissed her then, trying to make her feel how much he loved her. His hands roamed over her smooth back and he unfastened her bra.

Then he moved his palms down until he was cupping her ass cheeks in both of his big hands.

"This is what I want right now. I just want to love you."

He eased her onto the bed, on her knees, and went back to what he'd been doing before, licking her and teasing her, only her new position gave him the chance to lick her ass as well. His mouth made long, wet strokes from her pussy, all the way up her ass crack, stopping to really massage her asshole with his tongue as he made the journey. He heard her gasp and then moan. Her ass was smeared with the same muted colors he wore on his face. From the corner of his eye he noticed a desk chair that he planned to put to use soon.

"Fuck, you're so hot on your knees. Does this feel good?" Mike swirled his tongue over her tight butthole, feeling it pulse slightly.

"Y-Yeah," she murmured, her hands closing into tight fists around the unfamiliar sheets. She pushed her ass back out of reflex and so she could feel Mike better.

"It's...the best. I'd never want anyone else's face buried there. Or cock. You're the only...one, oh, that's good," she added, her breath getting caught in her throat when his slim fingers parted her ass cheeks even more. They were warm and comforting, but full of need when his fingertips dug harder into the hot flesh.

She didn't like hurting Mike, but she enjoyed seeing him so jealous and possessive. It made her feel wanted and as if she truly belonged to him and that was everything she'd ever wished for. She decided it wouldn't hurt if she teased him a little.

"You fuck me the best, Mike. Or so...I think," she bit her lip to hold back the playful smile threatening to form on her face.

Mike heard her and felt challenged. He gave her a few more enthusiastic licks, sucking everywhere, and then he bit her ass just lightly, letting his teeth graze her flesh and then biting down just enough for her to feel it.

"Or so you think? Do I need to show you I'm the only one who should

ever fuck you? Do I need to *prove* how hard I can make you come?"

Mike stood up, pulling her with him over to the wooden desk chair. He sat down, kicking one foot out the leg of his loose fitting slacks so he could find better angles. His dick stood proudly at attention, just waiting for her.

"Climb on. Face me so I can see your face while I fuck you."

"Oh! Now *there's* Frankenstein's Monster." El reached down and caressed his cock before winking at Mike. She was pretty sure Mike blushed.

El straddled him in the chair but even with the added height the boots provided her feet didn't touch the floor. Mike had known they wouldn't.

"Hmmm, looks like you'll just have to take my whole cock. You can do that, right? You can feel my entire length inside you and I'll fuck up into you. Move around however you can. I'm gonna watch you come hard when it's time. The Phantom of the Opera will never get to see that."

Mike felt her slide down. She was completely at his mercy, impaled on his aching, throbbing cock.

"Maybe he *will*." She didn't want to take it too far, but she couldn't help it either. Witnessing Mike being so rowdy and obscene made her insides stir and she wanted to hear more. "I'm sure he'd be willing to fuck me hard, don't you think?"

Her hands rested on his bare shoulders while she squirmed and tried to get more comfortable on his cock, but it felt beyond the realm of possibility. He was up to the hilt, his sack resting on her ass and all she could do to alleviate the slight pain was to start bouncing up and down his hard pole.

"I'm sure he would, he'd be stupid not to want that, but do you think he could make you feel like *this*?" Mike took a breast in his mouth. He continued to talk as he sucked on it, letting his tongue tickle her nipple as he formed his words, noticing his makeup rubbing off

everywhere his face touched. "You're taking my cock so deep I know it has to hurt but you're still fucking me, so I know you like the pain. Do you think you'd be this wet with him? Your stockings are drenched, Eleven. My slacks are even damp from how wet you are. Is that what my dick does to you?"

He was bucking his hips, loving the look on her face. He was deeper than ever from this position and it was because she couldn't touch the floor. The sounds she was making only turned him on more.

"The noises you make are so fucking sexy. Is that how taking my cock makes you sound? Because if it is, I'm never taking my dick out of you."

Mike grabbed her ass and pushed her down harder. She fell into his chest and the top of his shaft started rubbing against her clit.

"Yeah, take my cock but let me feel that clit on it. It's swollen. Rub it on me and I'll make it feel better."

El did as she was told, her hips swaying in circles, so she could rub her clit on his warm skin and get the friction she was in so much need of.

She beamed when she saw the look on Mike's features, his whole face scrunched up in pleasure, and she couldn't help herself from leaning in and capturing his lips in a kiss. Her tongue danced around his and she grabbed soft strands of hair to manipulate his head better and taste every inch of his mouth.

They kissed for about a minute until they were both panting and aching to resume the hard pounding, so she started taking his cock in and out of her dripping pussy repeatedly, her lips now attached to his earlobe as she rode him and whispered.

"You need...to *show* me, Mike. I'm still...not convinced. Show me you're the only one who deserves my pussy," she moaned into his ear before sucking on his earlobe so hard he could hear the suction. "I know I only want *you*, but I don't know...why. You should...convince me," her voice was sweet and daring as she tried to spur him on.

With a sudden burst of adrenaline, no doubt caused by El wanting to be convinced that only he should fuck her, Mike held on tightly to her ass and stood up. Her legs wrapped around him and he started to bounce her on his cock in the middle of the room.

"You aren't sure? Then let me show you. Does it feel good to have my cock moving inside you again after being buried in you for so long? Oh, god fuck, you feel good." He liked how El was using his shoulders for leverage and squeezing his body with her legs as her hips rolled against him, his cock sliding in and out. Her face crashed against his and they shared wet, open mouthed kisses while she continued to fuck him. And that's all what she was doing could be called.

Mike let her go on for a minute and then he slammed her against the wall. With the wall helping to hold her up he could move better. He started thrusting deeply, making sure to hit her clit every time.

"Am I convincing you? Can you feel how hard you make me? I'll fuck you like this every day, any time. My cock is yours to do with what you want." Mike sped up.

"Still...not sure," El teased.

Her whole body was being maneuvered by Mike and all she could do was hold on to him tightly and accept the hard plowing, his thick cock drilling her cunt so hard she winced and moaned with every thrust.

Mike didn't reply, instead speeding up his rhythm and fucking her so roughly her back was frequently slammed into the wall. She loved it though, her faint smile indicating nothing but euphoria as she pushed her hips back onto his until his pelvis slapped against her clit again and again. She was close, the tension building up in her stomach and she squeezed her eyes shut and let the other senses take over.

"Are you going to come...inside me? The Phantom...won't be able to use me...anymore. Is that what you wanted, Mike? To mark me as yours?"

She whispered out of breath, the last ounce of force that she still had being used to push her ass down onto Mike's cock.

"Oh, fu-fuck, you can...do that. I'll be your come slut...

"Oh, fuck, El! Shit, where'd you learn to talk like that? Damn, that's hot. You wanna be my come slut? You only want my come? It's yours. All you have to do is come all over my dick and it's yours for life." Mike couldn't believe what he'd just heard her say but hearing El talk dirty like that was maybe the best thing ever. It certainly turned him on even more, and he'd thought he'd been at his peak before.

"No one will be able to use you. You belong to me. Only *my* come goes in your hot pussy. Only *my* cock gets to feel you spasm and pulse and come on it. Only *my* ears get to hear what that sounds like."

Mike spread her ass cheeks apart with his hands and deepened his rhythm. He was so close.

"I want to give you my come but I want to know I'm the only one you want."

"You are," a soft scream ripped out of her throat before she let her forehead rest against his, waiting for the moment to arrive.

"Only you can...oh, right there...fill me up so good."

It didn't take too long after that. Mike had to fuck his cock in and out of her soaking cunt four more times before she started spasming, her latex covered calves flexing around his back as she orgasmed so hard she could only sob and curse out loud.

"Mike, fuck, fuck, I'm comi-," she cried out, waves of pleasure rushing through her body, radiating from her core where Mike made sure to stay buried, his hot skin pressing over her clit while she dug holes into his shoulder blades.

Mike loved hearing her come, the noises and cries and gasps that accompanied it. Hearing her right after she professed that he was the only one she wanted was even better.

Wanting to join her while she was still in the throes of her orgasm, Mike gave in to everything he was feeling.

"I'm coming too. Fuck! Oh shit, it's gonna be so much and it's all going inside you. Yeah, keep coming on my cock, El. I'm filling you up...now."

Mike rammed himself deep and held on tightly to her ass. She was still quivering as his jizz spurted into her. He thought it might never stop.

When he finally was empty and they had both stopped trembling they fell together onto the bed.

"I want you to be happy, El. I just really want to be the one who gets to make you happy." He was holding her, both of them sweaty and sticky with come.

"But you are," Eleven whispered with sorrow, her delicate hand coming up to Mike's face, caressing it with gentle strokes. It saddened her to think that Mike didn't see how he was the only one for her and would always be without a doubt. But what angered her and broke her heart beyond words was her own stupidity; how she hadn't been able to recognize the hurt look on her boyfriend's face when that guy had asked her to dance.

"I thought it was just some silly dance. But I was dumb and I'm sorry. It will never happen again, okay? I'll only dance with you from now on and I'll never let anyone touch me ever again," she sat up on her knees and looked at Mike's spent body, admiring every inch of him before leaning down and kissing his lips wholeheartedly. "I love you. Only you."

Mike knew she hadn't been trying to do anything to make him upset. He knew she loved him because she showed him all the time. She didn't even have to say it.

"I know. I love you too. You have no idea how much. I don't think I could ever put it into words. I'm sorry I got crazy jealous. I just freaked out when I saw you dancing with him...when his hands were on you. I got possessive and was a bit of a mouthbreather."

"It's okay." Her smile was soothing.

He pulled her closer, his hand resting in the small of her back.

"But it did make for some awesome sex. Just when I think you can't get any sexier you go and tell me you'll be my come slut. God, Eleven. You are so perfect."

He kissed her then.

After the party, Mike and El both needed a shower and were tired. Besides their own natural mess they'd made, El was covered in Mike's weird monster makeup. Back at the apartment they shared, Mike stripped his costume off and was starting the water for his shower. He could see El in the mirror from where he stood in the bathroom. She was removing her own costume and even though he knew what she was wearing his breath still hitched when he saw the ripped fishnet stockings again. She sat on the bed and removed her boots and then walked into the bathroom wearing only the torn pantyhose.

"I guess I can throw these away." She looked at him with a smirk. He was looking at her through the glass shower door which was only starting to steam up. "Do you think I could share your shower with you?"

"Sure." His smile was warm and inviting as he took a step back and made room for El. He had been lathering his arms with soap before she got in but now that she was inches away from his body and still wearing the ripped fishnet stockings, he decided to finish cleaning himself up later.

Closing the distance between them had turned out to be a poor decision when the hot water got in his eyes and he squinted, a dumb smile tugging at his lips before he pushed his slick hair back and led El to the steamy shower wall. His hands were quick to graze over her butt, his fingertips looping inside the fishnet holes until they were directly caressing her ass cheeks.

"You're beautiful," he murmured over her lips and gave her ass a generous squeeze.

El felt him start to slide the stockings down but his hair was falling in his eyes and the soap that was on him, while sexy looking in the

movies, was being rubbed in her face as his arms pushed the stockings lower.

"Shit, it's in my eyes," she said trying to wipe the soap away but succeeding in making it worse. "Oh, it stings. You have to help me rinse it out."

"Oh, here," Mike was quick to dismiss the stockings and pull El right under the shower. He cradled her neck, letting it tilt backward while his free hand wiped the soap away from her eyes. He tried not to laugh as he watched her eyes clamp shut while she was groaning in dissatisfaction. She looked adorable.

As soon as he felt her loosen up under his touch he pulled her back from the water jet and kissed her lips fully. They took their time, their tongues mingling around each other before El parted to remove the fishnet pantyhose completely. Mike wanted to resume his cleaning process, but he felt the urge to pee and weirdly enough, he had a mind popping idea about that.

He and El had done it before, or rather, *El* had done it. She was fascinated by the male genitalia and how it worked, so much so that she sometimes requested that she hold his penis as he urinated and whenever he felt the need to relieve himself while she was around, he knew he had to ask.

"I, uh, need to pee. Wanna hold it?" His tone was casual, but his eyebrows still quirked up in anticipation. It always surprised him to see his girlfriend so willing to help with something so intimate.

El liked how it felt to hold his dick in her small hand when he peed. It was as simple as that. She sometimes liked to just inspect and study his cock, noting every line or wrinkle. Maybe it was that she didn't have one herself, maybe she was naturally inquisitive. All she knew for sure was that she liked having it in her hands whether it was hard or soft.

"You know I want to hold it. I like to feel it just before it comes out." Her hand, dripping with water, reached out and gripped his shaft lightly.

"Go ahead." His throat was dry.

"Um, Mike? Why is it that you can come inside me, but you don't pee inside me?" His stream had yet to start.

"Huh?" Mike was caught off guard. He was used to El asking him everything she could ever think of and couldn't find an answer for, but he was afraid he didn't have a concrete response this time.

"I-I don't know. I mean...men come inside women for reproduction reasons. So I guess that is why they don't also pee inside...their partners?" His voice croaked out and his pulse started racing. He'd heard about people who were into *pee play*? *Is that what they call it?* He had even jerked off to some of that porn, but the idea of El wanting to do something even remotely close to it made him feel dizzy. *Maybe she's just curious. It's just a question*, he forced the thoughts upon his mind. "Why?"

"Well because I love you and I want all of you. But it seems like maybe it was weird for me to ask that. I'm sorry. Can I still hold it while you go?"

"N-No! It's not...weird. Like, at all," he chuckled nervously. "Some people are into that, actually. You don't have to apologize."

He tried not to think of what she'd just confessed, about how she wanted all of him. His dick was getting hard just imagining it, but he still had to pee and it was only going to become more difficult if he got a boner before that. He needed to hurry up.

"Here," he grabbed her small hand and made her wrap it around his semi-limp cock. His legs parted slightly as he looked down, having to focus for a few seconds before the warm jet of pee started flowing, irregular and with a low pressure at first.

El watched with fascination. She was pointing his cock down toward the shower drain but as the stream got more forceful she felt herself getting ridiculously wet. She knew she didn't have much time. He hadn't seemed like he really wanted to pee inside her but as she watched she got another idea. His dick was acting like a fire hose so El put her foot in the indentation where the shampoo bottle was stored,

causing her legs to part and revealing all of her pussy.

Still thinking of hoses, she aimed his cock and then felt his warm urine spraying all over her cunt.

"Oh fuck. It's better than I thought. Please don't stop yet."

"El!" Mike shrieked, his first instinct being to retract himself from her hand. He fought against it though and only brought his hand to the shower wall to support himself as he looked down at El holding his hardening cock. He could see the liquid flowing out of his pee hole and reaching Eleven's cunt and he moaned for a second.

"Fuck, why are you doing this? Do you like it? Me peeing on you?" He asked full of lust and perplexity, but she didn't answer and he was left trying to wrap his head around what was happening; he was actually pissing on his girlfriend's pussy and he alternated between glancing at her with wide, incredulous eyes and staring at his urine aimed at her opened lips.

It was so unbelievably wicked and hot that his penis was fully erect by the time the last stream of pee shot out of his swollen tip. By the time he was finished, El's hand was the only thing keeping his dick from pointing skyward.

"It looks like maybe you *did* like doing it." El was stroking his hard cock lazily. "I like everything that comes out of here," she gently tapped the tip, "so do you wanna see if we can make something else come out? We can do it however you like."

El kept eye contact as she bent forward and kissed the head of his cock and Mike gulped.

"I could suck it if you wanted. Or you could fuck me in whatever position you'd like. Or whatever *hole*, Mike. Whatever you want you can have. It's Halloween. I had the vampire costume before but now I'm wearing the slut costume and I'm ready for tricks and treats."

"Yeah?" Mike was stupefied. All he could do was glance down at her small hand stroking his cock, his mouth refusing to shut because of how naughty she had become. It made his penis throb and he didn't

even know where to begin.

If he could have it his way, he would fuck every single one of her holes and maybe there was a chance for him to do that. After all, El didn't say he had to pick just one.

"You wanna suck it?" He asked hesitantly, repeating her words. He knew what that meant. He had just peed and he was scared that she might find the taste disgusting, although it wasn't like he had always washed himself right before he got a blowjob from his girlfriend.

She'd sometimes suck him off in the middle of the day in a college bathroom stall or behind a tree when they went for a walk around the park, so he was pretty certain El had tasted his urine before without even realizing. Maybe she wouldn't be against it now.

"I want you to suck my cock first. But I won't come. I'll make sure to come inside you. Whichever hole you'd prefer." He cupped his balls and lightly pulled at them while her hand continued to work him up.

El smiled. She liked it when he told her what to do. She had so much power, it made her feel sexy to not be in control.

"I can suck your cock, Mike. If that's what you want." She was already doing it, talking around his thick rod in her mouth. The shower spray rained down on both of them.

"Just tell me if I'm doing it right," she said looking up at him. Then she let the head of his dick push against the inside of her cheek and she knew he could see. She knew how it must look to see his cock jutting into her flesh and making it balloon outward.

"Yeah, like that." He frowned and pushed himself forward, making the swollen area on her cheek protrude even more.

"Do you still wanna be my come slut? Because I want you to. I'll make sure to dump every drop inside you."

His smile was cheeky and he let his hand come down to her damp hair. This way he could guide her mouth straight until his cock pushed back and forth inside it. She made sure to keep her tongue flat on the underside of his shaft.

"Oh, yeah, just like that. You really like being my slut, don't you? I just peed on your pussy and it turned you on, that's how dirty you are. But I, ah, love it...so fucking much," he groaned his last words, his hips finding a rhythm as he started fucking her mouth. He liked having her do the work, but he was way too desperate to hold back this time. He just wanted to ram himself between her lips until he felt her throat constrict around the head of his cock.

El was trying not to choke on his dick as he shoved it into her mouth, but it was what she wanted. She wanted to feel how far she could get him down her throat. She gurgled and slurped. She didn't want him to come there though. There was only so much hot water and she liked the idea of having him dirty her everywhere while the shower washed them clean. She massaged his shaft with her tongue before pulling her head back.

"This Halloween I want to feel you everywhere. Where do you want to put this dick next?" She knew her eyes must be dancing with lust.

"What are you willing to offer this Halloween?" Mike shot back, his eyes sparkling playfully. His hand went down between her supple legs until it reached her labia, but he made sure not to leave her clit unattended. He could feel her twitching against his touch.

"Hmmm, what will I offer..." El pretended to think. "Well we are in the shower. We can get clean easily. Why don't you soap me up and slide this into my ass?" She tugged seductively on his hard cock, glistening in the shower water. "You can clean off and then fuck my pussy. Again. *Hard* like at the party."

"That's what you want, huh?" Mike tried to keep his cool as he grabbed the bottle of shower gel and squirted a generous amount into his hands. He lathered them up to create layers of pumpkin scented foam before rubbing it on El's body. He began with her arms, making sure to reach every inch of them before he moved to her chest. He didn't cease his circular movements over her breasts until they were entirely covered in soap bubbles and he smiled, content with his work of art. Her nipples poked out and he faintly pinched them when he leaned down and kissed her on the mouth.

"You want my cock to stretch your tight little asshole?" His voice

ghosted over her lips as his hands traveled lower, this time rubbing the flowery foam all over her pussy. Once he was satisfied with the job he'd done, he moved his hands behind her, letting them run over her butt cheeks before he slipped his fingers between them to massage up and down the crack.

"Yeah, that's what I want. I want you to bend me over but once your big cock is in my ass, help me stand back up so you can hold me while you fuck me. I like it when you hug me from behind." El was already breathing heavy in anticipation of feeling him stuff his cock into her ass and Mike made sure to let her imagination run wild now that his fingertips were teasing her asshole.

"I'm sure you're gonna love it. You always do."

She scooped a bit of soap bubbles from her chest and coated his cock with them.

"Now you'll be slippery and you can clean me from the inside out."

"I'll make sure you'll be in pristine condition," Mike half-joked and inserted his middle finger inside her tight hole. It went in smoothly, the soap helping with the process of thoroughly stretching her out. "And you'll be screaming my name by the time I'm done with you. I don't want you to hold back. I want to hear every little sound you make while I fuck this tight hole, okay?" He added a second finger and she nodded.

When Mike's two digits began sliding in and out smoothly, he spun El around and made her face the wet tiles while her ass jutted toward his soaped cock. The height difference made it difficult for him to fuck her from behind while they were standing so he bent his knees as usual, his tip toying with her asshole after he parted her cheeks.

"Are you ready, El?"

El knew he was just asking out of decency. He was already starting to push inside. She spread her legs more to give him space and stood on her tip toes to try to accommodate him more comfortably...for him. She could feel his tip as it penetrated her ass.

"Oh fuck, so big. Go slow, okay? Just at first. I wish I could watch you fuck my ass."

After a few seconds the pressure and pain was more tolerable and El felt Mike push in further. It didn't take long before she knew he was all the way in. She could feel his balls against her pussy.

"Okay, stand me up."

He helped her straighten and El felt his cock twitch and slide further into her. His arms were around her and he was fucking her slowly but deeply as he held her against him, the water still pelting them.

"Ugh, why are you so...tight and hot?" He murmured over her neck and wished he could glance down to see his cock engulfed by her asshole, but he couldn't. He had to keep her up, his biceps tensing as he held her in the air with her legs off the ground. Her calves were holding onto him while her hands were firmly pressed over the wet shower tiles and he moaned at the feeling of being buried deep inside her buttock while the warming water ran down his back. It felt outrageously pleasing.

"Fuck yes," El moaned out. "Just like that. I like it when I can f-feel you like this. I want you to make me c-come while your hard dick is fucking my t-t-tight asshole."

"Do you think you can take it harder, El? I don't want to hurt you, but I don't think I can go slow for too much longer. It feels too good. Fuck!" He made a strenuous thrust inside her. It was only once, but he wanted to ensure that she could take the rough plowing that he held back from.

El was panting already, and not from discomfort. She had gotten so aroused that she thought it was entirely possible that Mike was going to make her come while his cock fucked her ass. The idea excited her.

"Go as fast and as hard as you want. Oh fuck, Mike. You might make me come. Your cock buried in my ass might make me come. Keep doing that. You feel so good. I can feel you stretching me more with each thrust. Does my ass feel good? Do you like stuffing your hard dick into it?"

El was meeting his thrusts as best she could. She just wanted to feel him deeper inside her. She could tell that she was only moments away from having an anal orgasm and she was excited to feel it.

"Fuck, Mike. My ass is about to come all over your dick. Keep fucking me."

"Yeah? You were right. You really are a slut. Coming just by getting your ass fucked. You really like my cock that much, don't you?" He teased her with words while he continued to fuck her harder and faster. Her inner walls would constantly clamp on his hard shaft and he had to keep himself from exploding inside of her right away.

Thinking of that time Dustin threw up in front of them was a good idea and as much as he hated to picture that again while he was fucking his girlfriend's ass, he knew he had to do everything to stop himself from coming.

"Wish I could see your face. I bet you're so hot...taking my cock so deep and ready to come on it," he continued his lewd monologue, his balls constantly slapping over her pussy as he fucked her asshole so hard it was the only sound echoing through the bathroom walls. Everything else was background noise, from her intoxicating moans to the sound of the water cascading down his back.

"You can come on it, El. But I want you to say my name when you do it. I want to hear you say my name as you come just by getting your ass fucked. Bet no one else could make you do that," his voice was shaky over her ear as he put all of his effort into pounding her fast and deep.

"I'll say your name. I'll scream it." She was trying to contort herself enough where he could see her face. She was looking back over her shoulder, feeling him slide in and out of her ass and hearing his staggered breaths as he hilted each time.

"Oh fuck. I feel it. Touch me, Mike. I'm gonna come all over your dick. Please touch me."

Mike dropped one of his hands to her pussy in a blink of an eye. It helped that she had decided to wrap one arm around his neck so he

could see some of her face and he was able to easily hold her waist with just one hand while the other one went lower until his fingers stroked her clit.

They had been together for so long he knew exactly how to rub and press to make her come immediately and it only took him a few flicks of his wrist to bring her to a powerful orgasm, her asshole clenching his cock so tight he moaned out loud. Mike could feel her thighs shaking.

"Say my name, El. Now. Say it!" His voice was firm, his shaft continuously plunging in and out of her as he attacked her clit with his hand.

"Oh, fuck! Mike! Mike, I'm coming so hard on your cock. Oh shit! You're making my ass come!" El managed to get the words out before she was overtaken and could no longer speak as her asshole and clit spasmed uncontrollably together, her entire body convulsing. When her orgasm finally subsided, she jerked Mike's head down close enough for her to whisper.

"Now fuck me so hard I won't remember my name. I want you to fill my pussy with your come. Get it as deep as you can. I want to feel you shoot everything inside of me. And make me come again. You're so good at that."

She was breathless but definitely not ready for her fucking to be over.

"I'm gonna do it because you've been a good girl and said my name." He was always quick to smile when he used that pet name on El, but this time he was way too aroused to even blink.

His brows furrowed as he pushed her up against the shower wall and he kept a firm grip on her hips so they wouldn't slip when he resumed the hard pounding.

It started out slow and he stared at her pussy swallowing him in until he was balls deep, fucking her from behind and watching her suck him into her as soap bubbles slid down her back and over her ass. He began fucking her with lazy thrusts, wanting to make it last as long as possible.

"Shit. That feels so good. You're gonna be my come slut again? I still can't get over you saying that. Do you even realize how hot that is? I bet you don't. You don't even fucking know...the effect you have on people. Like those guys earlier...everyone would wanna fuck your pussy. But only *I* get to do it, right? You belong to *me*."

With each word he was thrusting harder. El's feet were no longer on the floor. He was fucking her pussy so hard she was practically sitting on his legs.

"Oh, Mike. Just like that. I can't even move. I am yours. I'm your come, oh fuck, slut. Only you get to, oh god, Mike, feel me."

El just enjoyed the ride. He was fucking her hard just like she'd wanted and his sweet hand was tickling her clit. She knew she'd be coming again.

"Can you move me? I want to face you. I want to kiss you when you come. I need it, Mike."

Mike smiled, his heart warming up with love and joy at her request because that was exactly what had been missing; her lips over his as he fucked her pussy hard. He complied without a protest, rearranging her and keeping her steady while his cock plunged in and out of her repeatedly, his lips pressing over hers to allow their open-mouthed kisses to swallow their moans.

She was no longer against the wall, instead standing in the middle of the shower as he maneuvered her on his shaft to meet his thrusts. He was so close and El could feel it from the way his teeth would sink deeper into her bottom lip with every twitch of his cock and every squeeze made to her ass with his left hand. The right one pinched and rubbed her clit.

"I'm gonna come...it's gonna be...oh, so fucking...much. It's gonna fill you up, El. Gonna fill your cunt up because that's what you...wanted...oh, fuck," he mewled and sped up his pace even more. He decided to press both of his hands on her ass, knowing very well that she could come just by having his pelvis snap over her clit repeatedly.

El could only listen to him as he buried himself in her time and again. Then with his announcement she felt herself start to tighten.

"Come inside me, Mike. I will too. You feel so good. You're spreading me open. Oh, I know you want to come." El started kissing him hard.

"Do it, Mike," she whispered as her tongue rubbed against his. "Oh god, I'm gonna come again while you fuck me. Oh shit, Mike! Miiike!"

El started to spasm around his cock as he plowed into her.

"It's gonna be so much, oh fuck, El," he breathed over her lips and exploded inside when her walls contracted around his member one last time.

"Shit, I can't...stop, oh god." He was perplexed to feel so much sperm shooting out of him and painting her insides white. He came so hard his vision went blank for a few seconds.

The liquid started spilling out of her pussy in a matter of seconds and Mike moaned, pulling his cock out and looking down between their bodies. He was still holding El in his arms while he stared in awe at their pounding's results; creamy substance dripping down his shaft and oozing out of her hole. He was proud.

The corners of his mouth turned into a gentle smile as he helped her back down on her own feet before wrapping his arms around her lower back.

El was panting, her own vision still hazy. Mike had done as she'd wanted; he'd fucked her so hard she *did* almost forget her name. She felt tired in the best way and was ready to just be wrapped in the blanket of his embrace and to fall asleep.

But it was Halloween. Mike loved Halloween. She was going to make this last a little longer for him, even if all she had the energy to do was talk.

"Fuck, I still can't believe you made me pee on your pussy. Did you, uh, really like it?"

"I like to try new things, Mike. And it felt nice, like, well maybe *nice* isn't the right word. It felt *erotic* and *taboo* and that made it even hotter. We can definitely do it again if you ever want to. I liked watching you do it. And *feeling* it."

El rested her head on his chest.

"Let's dry off. I just want to snuggle with you. We don't have to wear pajamas though. I'll keep my costume on."

Mike was confused as El smiled to herself. They were in the process of wrapping towels around each other.

"What costume?"

"The costume I'm wearing now." She locked eyes with Mike, a mischievous half smile breaking out. "My come slut costume." She leaned in to whisper in his ear. "And Mike, I can wear this costume every day."

"Oh," Mike laughed and pulled her into a tight hug that made his towel pool on the floor. He didn't even bother picking it up, instead taking El's off as well.

"You don't need this, especially if you keep talking like that."

Their lips pressed together one last time before he led her naked form to their shared bedroom. He couldn't wait to feel her bare, velvety skin over his.

They crawled into bed together and El immediately cuddled into Mike's side.

"I'm still sorry I made you jealous at the Halloween party." El traced her finger over his chest. "I shouldn't have talked to those other monsters. You're the only monster I'll ever need."

Mike chuckled and kissed the top of her head.

"But um, I have to say I liked the way, uh, *Frankenstein's Monster* fucked me there. I won't do it again, but I'd definitely be up for you getting a little rough. You're so hot when you get like that." She

moved her lips to his neck, ghosting them over his warm skin.

Mike nuzzled into her. "I can bring back Frankenstein's Monster any time you want, El. Even if it's not Halloween."

"Good. I'm not afraid of monsters."

Author's Note: Just one chapter to go in this story. Look for it closer to All Hallows' Eve. As always, writing these stories is fun because of one person and watching our evolution is making this grinch's heart grow three sizes. I love U (see? I did it!). Always will.

6. Funhouse

This is the same Mileven from my Thunderbolt and Lightning story where she was adopted by the Wheelers after season one. It is an AU fic about fictitious characters who ARE NOT ACTUALLY BROTHER AND SISTER, despite what Karen Wheeler may want to think. Careful what you wish for, Karen. This one is super smutty.

Halloween had descended upon Hawkins and the Wheeler household was rapt with anticipation. Karen Wheeler had made every attempt to get El and Mike to go as Raggedy Ann and Andy.

"But you'll be so *cute!* Brother and sister dolls!" Karen had exclaimed.

"Ugh. *Mom.* We *are not* brother and sister. We're never gonna ride that train," Mike complained. Karen had successfully gotten everyone outside of their family and closest friends to think of El as her new daughter and therefore Mike's new *sister* but he was never going to subscribe to that notion. "Besides, we already have the perfect costumes."

They were going as Beetlejuice and Lydia Deetz. Mike had enlisted Joyce Byers to help with their costumes, knowing that she could sew.

In the basement, as they applied the final touches to their costumes, Mike had an idea. He was supposed to be acting like El's brother but he was pretty sure brothers didn't make their sisters come hard every chance they got. But it had been almost three weeks since they'd last been alone together and had last been able to fully pleasure the other. Sure, there had been a lot of secret under the dining table groping and some lingering kisses in the bathroom but they hadn't had the chance to really experience each other for far too long.

"Hey, what if we make it a game? Whoever gets the first Three Musketeers bar has to lose their underwear. And then at the end of the night whoever has the most of them has to be the slave and do whatever the other person says? I say that because it's Dustin's favorite."

"Hmmm." El was in the middle of getting ready, her red lace dress emulating a cheaper version of Lydia Deetz from Beetlejuice. She put it on in front of Mike, his mother unaware that he had decided to join her inside the bathroom where she was changing. He was already in his Beetlejuice costume and despite not wearing a wig to completely capture the look, he was pretty close to the original character. *Hot*, even, El had previously thought upon seeing him.

"Sounds good," her previously narrowed eyes were now sparkling, the corners of her mouth sliding upward as she closed the gap between them and pressed a kiss to his smooth cheek.

She couldn't wait for the game to start.

Mike smiled. He had known she'd be up for his idea. She always did let him blaze the trails.

"You look amazing. Are you ready? We'll probably meet up with everyone else before too long."

Mike came closer to her, lifting her skirt and running his hand along her ass.

"Hope they don't notice you aren't wearing panties," he whispered mischievously in her ear, giving her ass a light squeeze as he spoke.

"Who said I'll be the one without underwear?" She feigned a pout, but her body gave in and glued to Mike's anyway. Her head rested on his shoulder as he cupped and squeezed her bottom and she sighed contently, praying that his mother wasn't going to barge in on them. She never did, but they were still paranoid sometimes.

"Maybe you'll get a Three Musketeers bar first and then you'll have to worry about your penis rubbing against these pants," El grinned. "I'm gonna have to kiss it to make it feel better," she cooed over his neck, her mouth pressing onto the soft skin while her hand rubbed his limp dick through the striped pants he was wearing.

Mike was only playing. He hadn't meant to use any sort of force, but when he put his arms around her and pretended to rip the bodice of her dress he *actually did* tear the material and El's back was exposed.

"What did you do?" She cried. "Now my costume is ruined. It was so pretty." She was about to really cry.

Mike felt like an asshole.

"I'm so sorry, El. I didn't mean to! Nancy is still here, let me see if she has any ideas." Mike, feeling sick, ran to find his sensible sister.

Nancy just shook her head in believable disbelief. It was such a *Mike* thing to have happened. She came up with a compromise to just wear their normal clothing and she could do zombie makeup for them. She still had enough time before she had to take Holly trick-or-treating.

Seeing the worried and very apologetic look on Mike's face as he told her the plan, El wasn't angry with him. She only wanted to spend Halloween with the sweetest boy in the world. Mike changed into jeans and a Hawkins High School t-shirt while El looked like a private school student, short plaid skirt, long socks...the whole deal.

With their costumes changed and possibly the best rushed at-home makeup job ever, Mike and El, now zombified, headed out into the streets with their pillowcases in tow. They knew there was a good chance that if they ran into their friends they might not be recognized.

"Remember our game," Mike reminded her as they neared the door of their first house. "First to get a Three Musketeers loses their underwear."

"And no cheating," El beamed and rubbed her shoulder against Mike. They weren't allowed to display any sort of physical contact when they were outside, and the fact that they had costumes on didn't exactly flip a switch that made them jump each other on the street just because people might not recognize them. Their friends might still be able to.

Of course, that doubt was cleared up when they ran into Will and Dustin. They were coming from the opposite direction and now that they were less than ten feet away, El murmured to Mike.

"Don't greet them. Let's see if they know it's us."

Her muffled giggle went unnoticed along with anything else related to her and Mike. Their two friends were talking about unintelligible things as they walked right past them.

El gasped and looked at her zombie partner.

"They didn't even know it was us!" Mike grinned. "Come on, let's get some candy." Mike let El knock on the door. To his dismay, they each got fun-size Snickers bars.

"Damn. Well maybe the next house will make you lose your panties." No one was really around so as they descended the steps Mike rather suavely lifted the back of El's skirt, wanting to see what she was wearing underneath.

"Oh my god. You're gonna kill me with those."

"I figured you needed easy access in case you are the one who loses," she teased, letting Mike know that she was open to anything he wanted to do tonight. There was only so much she could endure after not being able to get away from his family and spend some time alone with the boy she loved so much.

His fingers hooked around the hem of her red lace thong and she deliberately took a step forward so the fabric could tease her front. It made her want to moan, but they were still in the street and she'd learned enough rules throughout the years to know that some things weren't allowed. She couldn't promise not to ignore some of them tonight, though.

"Okay, let's calm down," she smiled and dared to grab his hand until they reached the next house. Nobody could recognize them anyway.

She put on a bright smile after chanting the usual *trick or treat* and once the old lady whose house they were currently trick-or-treating left to bring their candies, she sneaked her hand to Mike's crotch. She kept it there, Mike's pillowcase covering the way her fingers cupped his cock even when the woman came back with their sweets. She wasn't going to let Mike have the upper hand at teasing.

Mike was already having the best Halloween ever. He couldn't

believe El's boldness; keeping her hand on his crotch, clutching the fabric of his pants around his stiffening cock. He didn't even care that he was going to have to walk around with his pillowcase in front of him.

The lady came back with her bowl of candy. Mike was overjoyed to see that it contained Milk Duds and Three Musketeers.

"Ooh, I love Milk Duds!" Mike exclaimed. The lady dropped two little yellow boxes into his bag, and then a Three Musketeers for El.

Back on the sidewalk, Mike gloated a little bit.

"Looks like you lost." He was close to her ear, wanting to be extra touchy-feely tonight. "Time to shimmy out of that thong," he whispered.

"You...mouthbreather." The feigned annoyance she tried to capture in the tone she used didn't work on Mike. She was trying not smile, her lips pouting to keep her mouth from curving upward, but the twinkle in her eyes gave her away anyway.

Looking around the street, she found the perfect spot - a nearby sturdy tree, large enough to keep both of their bodies away from anyone's eyes. Unless, of course, they were on the opposite end of the street. She didn't care, though, her hand tugging on Mike's until they reached their wood shield and she took the thong off. It went down her legs smoothly and she made sure to lift her skirt up before they left, spreading her thighs apart and running her fingers around her shaved pussy.

"I miss you here," she whispered and grabbed Mike's wrist until his ice cold fingers rested on her bare front. It sent shivers down her spine and she sighed in content, but as soon as he tried to drag his digits down to her hole she took a step back.

"No. I'm not ready yet."

The sad look on Mike's face melted her heart right away, and she was quick to console him by folding her panties into a ball and slipping them inside the front pocket of his jeans.

"Your souvenir for tonight," she explained.

What Mike wanted to do was push her against the tree, lift her skirt, and show her how much he missed her too. Just the little scene of her taking the thong off had been enough to turn his stiffening dick into his rock hard dick. He tugged her hand over the zipper of his pants.

"I miss you here too. Can you feel how much?" He moved her hand over his bulge. She needed little coaxing and quickly started to rub him through the fabric.

"Oh, fuck. Touch it for real."

She didn't need to be told twice. Her hand sneaked inside his pants and briefs within seconds and she took a hold of his soft cock, her fist pumping him as much as the confined space allowed.

"After you went to bed last night...I wanted to come to your room and suck your dick until you woke up. But your dad fell asleep on the La-Z-Boy and I was scared."

Her sad confession didn't leave Mike unimpressed, his cock already starting to harden more and throb under her touch and words.

"So I just touched myself-

She stopped mid-sentence and retracted her hand in a split second when the noises made by some loud kids approaching them reached her ears.

Mike was a little pissed that they had been interrupted but now all he could think of was El in the basement touching herself. Being startled by the passing group of kids had caused her to quickly remove her hand. His zipper was still down. He decided to leave it that way.

They continued down the sidewalk, Mike constantly mindful that she was naked underneath her skirt.

"So...when you touch yourself. How do you like to do it?" He spoke quietly. He wanted to get a mental picture in case they had to go more weeks or even longer before they could do the things they

really wanted to do. He wasn't sure she'd tell him but he thought it couldn't hurt to ask.

"Just like you taught me," she admitted unabashedly, a sudden memory of Mike teaching her about sex and masturbation flashing before her eyes.

"But it changed a little. I don't just touch myself on the outside. I do at first, but then I wait until I'm wet and I can slip my fingers in. It's not the same as when you do it or when your penis is inside, but it feels nice. And I pretend it's you."

Her shoulders shrugged as she gave Mike an innocent look, even though she knew *exactly* what her words were doing to him.

After visiting several more houses they decided to walk hand in hand, their fingers intertwined as if they were made that way. Being able to finally showcase her love for Mike in the public eye made El feel over the top and he didn't miss the excitement in the way she swung their arms back and forth and glanced at him from time to time.

Their stop at the next house was different, though, and as a couple opened the door for them, El brought Mike's hand behind her back and under her skirt until it rested down her crack, his fingertips tracing her pussy. She seemed unfazed, despite how wet her folds were.

Mike didn't even notice what kind of candy he got. He was too focused on the feeling of El's smooth skin as his fingers explored. She was bare, he knew that, but feeling it while he was standing on the porch of a neighbor begging for candy was something altogether different. Running his hand over her, he let his middle finger slip inside while his others stayed on her lips. He could tell that soon her inner thighs would be slick.

He withdrew his hand in time for them to bounce down the steps.

"I think we're gonna have to find somewhere. I want to put my head under your skirt."

El had to bite her lip to stop herself from saying anything

inappropriate as a bunch of their classmates walked past them.

But as soon as the area seemed clear, apart from some unrecognizable silhouettes farther away from them, she dragged Mike behind a trash bin and lifted her skirt up.

"Just lick me a little. And put your tongue in. I want you to fuck me with it. Just a little, *please*," she whispered exasperatedly, her hips pushing forward as she kept her pussy lips apart with the help of her fingers.

"If we hurry up I can take you in my mouth a few times," she offered right after, not wanting to make Mike feel as if she only cared about her own relief.

Mike lowered to his knees behind the trashcan. He held on to El's thighs and started to lick her pussy. He did as she'd asked, just licking her a little. He knew the light touches his tongue made would only cause her to be more turned on.

He heard her moan softly so he moved his tongue inside, gripping her thighs to steady himself as he started tongue fucking her. He went as deep as he could. His entire face was plastered to her pussy and causing him to suck it every time he moved his tongue inside her.

"Like that?" He asked. She had said only *a little* and while he'd be fine to spend the remainder of the night just eating her out, he wanted her to get everything out of Halloween.

"Because I can do more. Just tell me."

"More," she whimpered and buried her hand in Mike's hair to guide him back to her dripping front. "Just a little bit more, I promise."

Mike was eager. He loved it when she told him what she wanted. He let her guide him back in. This time he held on to her ass as he sucked on her front. She was rolling her hips into his face and he could hear her panting from his place under her skirt. He squeezed her ass cheeks, parting them slightly, and then holding them apart he ran his tongue all the way down, across her perineum and as close to her asshole as he could reach from where he was. Then his tongue

went back to her cunt, diving in. His nose was brushing and bumping her clit as he ravaged her pussy with his mouth.

"Mike-" El sobbed, her pulse racing with every swipe of his tongue across her holes.

She glanced around, scanning their surroundings to see if anyone was approaching and, much to her dismay, the far away silhouettes were getting bigger in size. People were getting closer.

In a swift movement, she pulled Mike away from her thighs and steadied him on his feet until their positions reversed. She was the one on her knees this time and she used her powers to drop his pants and briefs right below his erect cock.

"Fuck my mouth if you want," she reassured him before wrapping her wet lips around his girth and bobbing her head expertly. Blowing Mike under stressful circumstances had become second nature to her over the years.

Mike could hear the approaching crowd so he leaned forward, holding on to the rim of the trashcan. He most definitely looked like someone throwing up into it so he used that, moaning as El's tongue massaged and sucked his hard cock. He looked like he was retching to any passersby, but really he was in bliss, rocking his hips into her face. Her mouth was a vacuum seal around his throbbing dick.

No one seemed to pay them any attention so after the crowd passed Mike held El's face in his hands, looking down at her.

"You are so good at sucking my cock. You *like* doing it, don't you? I like watching you do it and how your mouth always waters for it."

She was looking up at him as she circled and swirled her tongue around the tip. She was also playing with his balls with her hand.

"Fuck, it looks so good going into your mouth."

Just then the porch light of the darkened house they were in front of came on and a guy came through the front door on the way to his car.

"Damn, he'll see you!"

He pulled El to her feet just in time. His cock would just have to wait.

El did the rest, her powers being put into practice once again as Mike's cock was tugged back inside his briefs and his pants were pulled up within seconds. Sure, it seemed odd that two teenagers were standing right outside someone's trashcan, but it was better than two teenagers with their genitals out in the open air doing that.

They stayed hidden until the man left and once he did, El sighed and turned to look Mike in the eye. He seemed just as relieved as she was.

"I don't want to go home until we do it. I don't care where or when. But I'm not coming back home with you if we don't do it."

Her voice was stern, her eyes boring holes into Mike's onyx ones and it was clear to him that she was not willing to budge at all until they agreed on the issue.

"Well, um, the school has been turned into a haunted house for tonight. A funhouse. There are supposed to be strobes and a hall of mirrors and a crypt and other stuff. Maybe we could find a place in there?"

"Let's go." El was almost sprinting, Mike's hand holding hers as he struggled to keep up. Her shorter legs were making larger steps than his as they headed toward the school building.

Mike and El made it to the school on foot from Maple Street in record time. As they entered they were hit with the smell of popcorn. They floated past the booth with candy apples, through the maze that was the cafeteria, only getting lost twice, and then down the corridor to the classrooms. They went into one that seemed to be decorated like a crypt but there were too many people in there.

"Act cool. There are Dustin, Will, and Lucas." Mike gestured with his head. He noticed that Will had a video camera on his shoulder and seemed to be documenting everything. Max walked in just as Mike was tugging El along with him.

"Let's find another room." He pulled her across the hall.

Mr. Clarke had moved from the middle school to the high school the year before and his classroom was now the laboratory of a mad scientist. In the corner was a table with a Frankenstein's monster type character on it and beside that was a screen with medical charts. Mike thought it would be perfect. The screen was large enough to conceal them.

He pulled El with him behind the screen and kissed her, his hands already roaming.

"Want me to fuck you in Mr. Clarke's classroom?"

"You can fuck me in front of Mr. Clarke. I don't care."

Her fingers worked on his zipper in record time, her delicate hands freeing his cock from the confinement of his pants and underwear. The head was covered in pre-cum and what she hoped was spit from earlier, but it didn't matter anyway. She was going to get him wet again, her knees already dropping to the floor as she nuzzled her face against Mike's erection.

"You smell like you're ready," she joked, the musky scent invading her nostrils. She never minded it. In fact, it turned her on. This was the smell and taste that usually signaled to her how turned on Mike was.

She looked up at him as her mouth wrapped around his shaft, her velvety lips tightly encasing the head and making their way forward until she took half the length in. It throbbed and twitched inside her mouth and over her tongue as she swirled it around his dick.

"Will you fuck me hard, Mike? I don't wanna think about when we'll be able to do this again. I want you to fuck me so hard it'll be enough for a week," she whispered after releasing his member, only to put it back inside her mouth and work her head back and forth on his length. She never broke eye contact while sucking his hard cock, her hands cupping his balls and she played with them just the way he loved.

"God yes, I'll fuck you hard. You like it hard?" Mike let her keep sucking him for another minute.

He had a sudden burst of adrenaline and desire and pulled El up, making her stand quickly. He captured her lips in a hot kiss at the same time his hands clenched her buttocks. He lifted her up and her legs wrapped around him. He dropped her and her pussy sank down on his cock.

"Oh fuck, I missed this," Mike breathed. There were screams and laboratory sounds coming from some speaker somewhere but he still thought it best to try to be quiet. He kept kissing her roughly.

"I've wanted this every minute of every day for the last month almost. I can't stop thinking about how it feels to push my dick into your, fuck, tight cunt." Mike turned, using the wall behind them to help support her. She was trying so hard not to moan loudly and make noise that she had to bite his shoulder.

A glance at her lover was all it took for El to realize how smudged his zombie makeup was. She guessed it was all over her thighs by now from what they'd done earlier and she probably looked the same, but it didn't matter anyway as long as nobody recognized them. And right now they seemed like the only people inside Mr. Clarke's classroom.

"Will you fuck me again when we get home? I want you...to fuck your come in and out of me when we get, oh, right there, back home. I'll...I'll sneak inside your room if I...can," she whispered over his lips, her arms encircled around his neck as he pumped his cock inside her dripping pussy.

The angle was exquisite, allowing Mike to ram into her at full force as her legs just spread wide open and clung to his middle desperately. She could hear the sloppy sounds their fucking session was making and she moaned, her head resting on his shoulder as she mumbled.

"Do you...hear that, Mike? It's because of your big...cock, oh, don't...stop!"

"I'll fuck you any time, oh god, you want me too. My mom can't keep us apart forever. I'll still be fucking you when we're 60."

Mike had his rhythm. She was pushed against the wall, her hair rubbing against the bulletin board and shifting the Halloween

decorations there. He loved having her like this, where he could see her and kiss her and watch his cock invading her, but he also knew what she liked so after a few more minutes of fucking her against the wall he lowered her back to her feet and turned her around, toward the screen they were behind.

"Now I can really fuck you hard. Try to be quiet," Mike said as he shoved his dick into her from behind. He heard her gasp and knew she was feeling his entire length.

"Shh, yeah, like that. Just take it." He whispered as he pounded himself into her pussy.

"Oh, Mike-" El cried out, her hands wrapping around his wrists as he was gripping her waist tightly. It almost hurt, his fingertips digging so hard into her skin it was going to leave bruises, but she loved every second of it.

"Harder," she begged, although it seemed impossible for Mike to do so. Her head rested against the wall as he fucked her from behind, her legs widely parted for him to have better access. She took it a step further, though, her hands moving from his to her ass cheeks and she spread them apart so he could enter her until he was balls deep.

"You can...break me. I don't care."

Mike was doing his best. Every time he pushed his cock into her he wanted to scream her name but he knew he couldn't. He couldn't give away their position. They both needed it too much to get interrupted.

"I'll fuck you as hard as I can but I'll never break you. You're the most important thing to me ever. I never want you to be broken," he breathed into her ear, getting close to her, still fucking her, but hugging her as he did. He liked having her like this, pressed against him, reacting to his touches, able to smell her shampoo and her general essence. He never wanted to part.

El didn't know if she should cry or moan at Mike's words. She managed to avoid doing both in fear of being heard, but she swiftly turned around in his arms instead and lifted her right leg up,

wrapping it around his ass.

"I love you so much," she whimpered over his mouth as he entered her again, her hips forcing against his as he pushed in and out of her tight hole.

Her arms were around his neck as her fingers grabbed the end of his hair, gripping it tightly for extra balance. It didn't even matter that she had to stand on the tip of her toes for Mike to reach her pussy, as long as they found a way for him to be inside her while they kissed.

"I don't want you...to ever be broken...either." Her words were a whisper over his lips before her tongue darted out and lapped at his to the point they were eating each other's faces out while Mike continued to ram into her.

"I'm fucking you in Mr. Clarke's room. I won't be able to take notes in here without thinking of your pussy wrapped around my cock. Fuck, El, you feel so good. I wish you could sleep in my bed every night. Or I'll sneak into the basement. I can't go weeks and weeks without this."

Mike held her, his arms around her waist as she did the majority of the work, her leg hoisted around him and standing up as high as possible for him to reach her. His face was buried in her neck, breathing her in and sucking on her soft skin.

Her head fell back as she relished in the feeling of Mike's lips pressing over her neck and sucking bruises into it. It was the perfect season for wearing clothes that would cover the evidence so she didn't bother worrying about the aftermath. Not that she could when he was pounding into her so hard and making her inner walls squeeze around his dick.

Despite how much she enjoyed the position they were in and how she could take Mike's kisses, she was aware that she couldn't achieve an orgasm while putting so much effort into simply allowing him to penetrate her. So she threw a glance at the room they were in until she found the perfect spot - Mr. Clarke's desk along with his chair were mere feet away from them. The desk itself was situated beside a large fake control panel with switches and lights and buttons, so El pushed the chair behind the panel with her mind, out of sight from

the general classroom. After kissing Mike one last time, she dragged him to the chair.

Mike took the hint and sat down on it, his cock still pointed upward, red and glistening with her juices as El took a hold of it and positioned it at her entry after straddling his thighs.

"I'm going to sink down on your dick in one go. Look at me when I do it. I want to see your face when you enter me," she commanded, her grip on his cock getting loose the moment the head of his penis touched her folds.

Mike watched her take control, swallowing his cock into her pussy in one motion. He rubbed her ass with his hands, not needing to push or pull her because she was fucking him so enthusiastically.

"Oh, fucking you in Mr. Clarke's chair. Oh fuck, no *you're* fucking *me* and you're doing it so good."

She was furiously rocking into him, his cock spreading her open as she dipped and sank down on him. Mike could hear the sounds of his hard rod moving in and out against her bare pussy, their skin slapping and rubbing together.

"Someone could walk in and if they looked all around this place they'd see you fucking me. They'd see your skirt bouncing up every time your cunt takes my cock, your ass perfect and your muscles clenched. They'd want to stay and watch, want to, oh fuck, El, touch themselves while they watch you use my hard cock."

"What do you think...they'd say...if they knew it was us?" El carried on with Mike's narrative; her pussy now moving in circles with his cock burrowed deep inside. She clung to his neck, her lips pressing on his ear before she sucked on his lobe.

"Are brother and sister supposed to do this? Tell me, Mike. Is it okay to fuck your sister? Because you're doing it right now. Does her pussy feel good?" She teased, knowing very well that the labels Karen had forced upon them and had been quickly adopted by everyone who knew them meant nothing. She didn't care what anyone else thought. She and Mike were meant for each other and not in the innocent,

sibling kind of way.

When she said that Mike almost came. He would never even consider something like this with Nancy or Holly, didn't even want to be thinking anything about them at the moment, but thinking of El as his sister while he fucked her was a turn on he hadn't quite imagined.

"Not supposed to, oh shit, fuck my sister. It's not, oh god, right. But she's so sexy when she's taking my cock. I only want to give it to *her*. You're the best sister. You, oh fuck, you're gonna make your brother come. You want him to? Fuck, fuck, like that. When you take me all the way in it feels so good."

Mike was now sure that he'd be fucking his "sister" every day, even if it meant they had to be in the broom closet.

Under any other circumstances, El would have found it weird to talk about her or Mike using the third person, but she was currently burning from the inside out and the idea of them doing something so forbidden only made her cunt pulse harder around his cock.

"Ah, I want you to. Give me...your come, Mike. Give your sister-" El grinned, "-your come. She'll keep it, oh god, until you get home and...then she'll let you fuck her again, her pussy still full of come. Are you gonna let her do that? Ride you...while your mother is sleeping next door? Will you pound her from behind the way she loves it? What brother would do something like that? You're a bad, bad brother, Mike..."

She bounced harder and faster on his cock with every word that came out of her mouth, her hands gripping his hair so tight it left his neck exposed and ready to be abused.

"But I'll try to be a good brother and play with my new sister more. I'll show her the games I like. I'll be nice to her and give her massages after we, fuuuck, play. I'll share the toys I know she likes best." Mike was already picturing fucking her again later in the basement and thinking about what it would be like to stick his hard dick in her come soaked pussy.

"If we don't get along though I'll have to rep-reprimand her and teach

her how things are done. I'll have to make sure she knows she should listen to her brother and do what he says because he only wants the b-best for her."

Mike could feel himself getting closer, thinking of her as his sister was going to push him off the cliff.

"She can sleep in my room if she gets scared and I'll make her feel safe. I know she likes her brother's big cock. Mom won't know how much my new sister's cunt likes my dick or how much I like to be inside her. Mom won't know how hard my sister makes me come or what she sounds like when she's needing to be fucked hard."

El could only moan and fuck Mike harder as he carried on talking, her ass slapping on his balls and thighs with every thrust she made. Meanwhile he held still, letting his so-called sister fuck herself on his hard shaft and using him as if he was nothing but a fucktoy.

"Remember that, Mike. Ne-never...forget...how hard...only your sister...makes you come," she croaked out against his throat, sucking and biting on his Adam's apple as she felt her orgasm approaching.

"Will you be...a good brother...and let your sister come first? She's close, Mike. So, shit, oh god, clo-oh-se." She almost screamed, her head burying in the crook of his neck as she rode his cock so rough the chair started creaking along with her movements.

El's vision went blank not even a minute after, her legs trying to close but failing as Mike's thighs opposed. She could only sob throughout her powerful orgasm, her inner walls clamping around Mike's cock in an attempt to milk him dry.

This new thing of theirs was going to have Mike in a constant state of arousal but he was fine with that.

"Yeah, good girl. Come all over your brother's cock like that. He's gonna come too. Come inside his new sister's pussy. Mom wants him to take care of her. I'll always make sure she, oh fuck, co-comes." Mike felt himself coming, felt the first spurt of hot semen shoot out of him and into El. He held on, cramming his dick deeper as it throbbed and twitched, come exploding from the head.

"I'm coming in you. Sister so full of, oh shit, brother's come. Oh god, you take it all so well." Mike lifted his head from her shoulder, having slumped into her as his orgasm rocked through him. Her zombie makeup was smeared, he was sure his was too, and she was sweaty, but kind of glowing because she had just come so hard.

"Do you even have any idea how hot you are?" She was getting up, rearranging her disheveled clothing. Mike did the same.

El laughed, her eyes averting to Mike the moment she decided she looked presentable enough to go outside again. He looked spent, but beautiful nonetheless, and she just wanted to kiss and hug him until they ran out of breath. She didn't, though; instead only intertwining their fingers and whispering close to his lips.

"Will you be a good brother and give me my panties back? If you still want to see your come when we get home." She gave him a light peck as she tried to be more convincing.

Since everyone was going to meet in Mike's basement at 9:00 to compare their candy haul, when Mike and El got home they decided to quickly change out of their zombie costumes and to wash their faces. El was adamant about not taking a shower because she was dead set on fulfilling her desire of fucking Mike again with his previous load of come still inside her.

Fearing someone might have seen the two zombies around, Mike suggested that they say they went as ghosts, a last minute decision since her real costume was ruined.

"Mike, friends don't lie," El chastised.

"Yeah, I know they don't. But couples sometimes have *secrets* and that's what this really is." He wasn't wrong.

They were sitting in the basement dumping their candy into separate piles on the floor when they heard the voices of their friends upstairs. It sounded like they were discussing the school's haunted funhouse.

"I can't wait to see it, holy shit!" Dustin exclaimed as they walked down the basement stairs one by one. Will was in front of everyone,

already rolling his eyes at his curly-haired friend. Behind them were Max and Lucas, bickering about something El and Mike couldn't decipher.

"See what?" El quirked up her brows, making room for their other friends to sit on the couch or on the floor.

"See two guys fucking in Mr. Clarke's room," Max sighed.

"I don't think we should watch it," Will intervened as he glanced at Mike before turning his eyes to Eleven." El...do you, um, know what that- I mean...are you *okay* with it?"

Lucas scoffed while Mike side-eyed El nervously.

"Yes. Nancy told me about sex," she lied expertly, careful not to divulge anything about her and Mike's recreational activities. And judging from their friends' behavior, they seemed to have no idea that the couple Will taped might actually be them.

"Okay, then. Let's see it, Will," Max stated as she sat next to El. Lucas was at his girlfriend's feet and rummaging through her bag of candies. He seemed to be counting the pieces and El figured he was competing against Max to see who got the biggest amount.

"Mike. Wanna put the tape in?" Will looked at his friend, his eyes silently begging him to say *no*.

Mike could tell that Will was reluctant to watch what he'd videoed but he kind of did want to see.

"So it's two guys fucking?" Mike asked, noting what Max had said.

The redhead cackled. "No, doofus, that's just a figure of speech. It's a guy and a girl. Jeez, you nerds take everything so seriously."

Will spoke up. "It's near the end. I was trying to document the night. The school looked so great. We were lost in the maze for twenty minutes. There's other stuff on there too. I wasn't trying to shoot a porno."

Mike casually glanced at El who quirked her eyebrow at him.

"Uh, well, I guess if that part is awful we can always turn it off. Could you tell who it was?"

"Only Will and I saw because Max had to escort Dustin from the room so he wouldn't give us away," Lucas explained. "I don't know *who* it was."

Mike felt more at ease if even Lucas couldn't tell who he was watching.

"Okay. Give me the tape, Will."

After Mike inserted the tape in the VCR, everyone went dead silent. Even if the sex scene wasn't on yet, Mike and El could tell they were all quiet in anticipation for what was yet to come.

Lucas was the first one to break the silence.

"So besides the fact that we didn't even get to say hi to you two, what happened to Beetlejuice and Lydia?" He glanced at Mike and El who could hear Dustin's voice on the tape. The video showed the group of friends on the street.

"My dress ripped and I didn't want to go out anymore," El lied, looking straight ahead as she put Mike's earlier advice into practice. "But Mike came up with a plan and we dressed as ghosts instead. Didn't go to that many houses, though, because it was already late. Right, Mike?"

"Yeah. You guys probably definitely got more candy than we did. I can't believe we didn't see you at the school. But we *definitely* didn't see any couples having sex." He wasn't lying about that. Being part of the couple in question and *seeing* the couple in action were two different things.

"The school looked great though. I hope they have a funhouse again next year." He winked at El, which went unnoticed by the others.

"Max bought me a candy apple since they wouldn't let me watch," Dustin was saying. "I guess I'm loud? I don't know, man. But it was a good candy apple. It was sticky, but tasty."

El casually and innocently reported, "I like sticky and tasty things." Mike almost lost his shit.

"Here it goes. Everyone, *quiet*," Will announced to his friends seconds before the sex part came on.

Dustin was already losing his mind, hollering and cackling on the floor, while everyone else seemed dumbfounded. Max smacked his head until he stopped and watched the scene intently.

El's eyes were glued to the screen and as much as she wanted to study Mike's reaction, she wanted to see what they looked like from someone else's perspective. She could clearly see her skirt bouncing on Mike's denim clad thighs as she rode him, his pale fingers squeezing her ass. To her, those were obviously his hands, but she couldn't admit that to her friends. She couldn't make out what they were saying at that moment, their moans almost inaudible, and it didn't take long until the video showed them reaching their orgasms, El's head buried in the crook of Mike's neck as she thrashed in his arms. Her pussy throbbed at the memory.

"Holy fuck. Whoever that was, she knew what she was doing. Dude, can you fucking imagine being that guy? Goddamn!" Dustin yelled enthusiastically the moment the tape was ejected from the VCR.

"Well, that was hot," Max chimed in, definitely affected by what she'd just seen and it was certain that nobody could argue with her statement.

"I still wonder who they were, though. But it was too dark and we couldn't really see shit." Lucas seemed bummed about the prospect of never figuring out who the couple was.

"He definitely looked familiar. I can't say anything about her because she had her back turned to us. But," Will contemplated, "he could have been someone I've talked to before. Maybe someone from my Art class? I don't know," he shrugged, not giving the issue too much thought.

Mike was having to think about baseball, about dead animals on the side of the road, anything to keep his hard on at bay. Seeing her ride

him, even though the sound was low, was melting his mind. He really didn't know how they weren't recognized by their friends, but maybe it was just that he knew every inch of Eleven so well he'd know her anywhere.

"What did you think, El?" Max asked.

El was thoughtful.

"I think it looked like they were in love." She shrugged her shoulders.

Mike braced for the onslaught of mockery he figured she'd get for her statement. But to his surprise, there was none.

"You know what, El? I think it looks like that too." Max smiled.

After comparing and trading candy, with Dustin somehow getting all of the Three Musketeers bars, El having given him her five in exchange for Skittles and Starburst, and Mike just giving away his three, everyone headed out to go home for the night.

"Happy Halloween, Wheelers," Lucas teased as he left through the basement door to walk to his house. "I guess we'll never know who the funhouse freaks were."

El had been squirming for the last dozens of minutes. She refused to take a shower only so she could feel Mike's come desperately trying to leak out of her panties. It was too much already, her clit was throbbing and aching to be touched and she just wanted Mike to kiss it better instead of dealing with it herself. She had promised to visit him, anyway.

But she was scared.

His parents were still awake the last time she checked and she didn't know if it was too early to go again and see for herself if they had finally gone to bed.

But it's almost midnight, she thought to herself and pouted before finally mustering up the courage to climb the basement stairs.

The living room was empty, much to her relief.

Smiling, she made her way to Mike's bedroom as silently as possible, tip-toeing and holding her breath the entire time. She was catlike, or even more silent if possible.

When she tried the knob to Mike's bedroom, it was locked. She frowned and tried not to panic before using her powers to silently release the mechanism and allow her entry to his bedroom.

And there he was, pumping his cock in a tight fist, his pajama pants dropped to his knees as he gripped the sheets with his free hand.

Her mouth watered upon the sight, her mind slowly closing and locking the door again.

He didn't seem to notice, his eyes squeezed shut as he beat his dick. The sloppy sounds coming from the motion his fingers were making let El know he had used spit for better friction and she bit her lip as she stood near the edge of his bed.

Mike had been so looking forward to fucking El again that night that he'd gotten himself all worked up. It hadn't helped that Will had managed to document the end of El riding Mike's dick in Mr. Clarke's chair. No one knew it was them but watching himself get fucked on television almost made him come again.

So he thought he'd come in his room real quick before making his way down to the basement to be with El. He wanted to last longer.

Sensing a presence in his bedroom, Mike opened his eyes.

El was standing quietly beside the window watching him. The moonlight produced enough light to illuminate her face. Her silk nightgown hung to her mid thighs.

Mike stopped what he was doing.

"I, um, I was just about to come down to you," he whispered. "I wanted to make it last longer. But you're here so do you want to help me? I'll be quick and then can be slow."

Mike tugged her into his bed.

"Okay," El beamed and positioned herself between his legs, her hand already taking a hold of his slick cock.

"But you have to come inside me again. And then we'll do it again," she whispered before her mouth formed a seal around the swollen tip. She sucked him eagerly, her head bobbing fast and her cheeks hollowing until the insides of her face rubbed along his shaft.

She continued for over a minute and when she heard the familiar muffled gasps and slight twitches of his body, she lay down on the opposite end of the bed, her nightgown lifted up and her panties already tossed to the floor.

"Shoot it here," she whispered as her knees bent and parted for Mike to get in between them. Her inner walls stayed clamped until then, careful not to let the evidence of Mike's previous orgasm leak out of her hole while she waited for another one.

"Fuck. Wherever you want it. You are so hot," Mike panted as he positioned himself over her. He had only momentarily forgotten that his previous load of come was still inside her and as he watched his cock disappear into her he saw come start to ooze and drip from her pussy, coating her ass in the thick liquid.

"Oh god, I wish you could see it. My cock is making my come gush out of you. You've had my come in your cunt for all this time. While we watched Will's video...while you watched yourself fuck me hard in Mr. Clarke's chair."

It wasn't going to take him long. His mental picture combined with what he could actually see was too stimulating.

"Gonna come. Gonna come in you again." He thrust harder. The sloppy squishing sounds got louder.

"Do it," El urged him, her calves clinging to his thighs as he pistoned in and out of her.

It only took a few more seconds until he came inside her for the second time that day and she smiled contently, watching him the whole time he spazzed and moaned on top of her.

She felt full, his come already starting to drip out of her opening when he pulled out. Her arms found his middle and she pulled Mike on top of her, not minding about being squished.

"I love you," she whispered happily over his neck, knowing very well they might have to wait a while until he could get hard again. She didn't mind the waiting though; instead making the most out of it and peppering kisses all over the skin she could reach.

"And you're still my brother," she joked, her laughter vibrating over the ticklish part of his neck. It made him chuckle and squirm and she couldn't help but laugh even harder until she realized they'd better stop before someone woke up.

"My brother who fucked me in his teacher's classroom and got videotaped by his best friend who had no idea what was going on," she continued in a softer voice, her fingers traveling down his bare back until they reached his bottom. She gave it a light squeeze and whispered over Mike's lips.

"You're gonna fuck me again, Mike? Tell me what you're gonna do to me, please."

"Oh, you wanna know what I'm going to do to you?" Mike brushed his lips over hers.

"Well first, I'm gonna need more friction. You have so much come dripping out and you're so wet and even though your pussy is really tight, I want to be able to feel everything."

Mike gently pushed her back down on the bed so that her legs were still hanging off the side. From where he sat beside her he pushed her legs further apart. He ran his fingers over her messy bare pussy to demonstrate.

"So I'm gonna wipe some of this away." On his bedside table was the silk handkerchief that went with the new suit his mother had bought due to his ever increasing height. He didn't like it because it was pink so he had removed it from the pocket and just tossed it on the table a week ago. He grabbed the soft square of fabric.

"Tell me if this feels nice." He started to wipe the come away, making sure to run the linen over her clit lightly. He did it a lot, touching her inner thighs with his fingers, or *barely* touching them, then doing the same to her pussy lips.

"Do you like that? A brother should help his sister be clean."

"Mhm." El nodded and took in a deep breath. She tried to glance at what he was doing, but soon decided against it. The experience was tenfold more intense when she kept her eyes closed.

"You're the best brother," she mumbled under her breath.

Mike could tell she was liking it a lot by the way she was breathing and squirming under his hand. He got off the bed, on his knees between her legs.

"Gotta make sure I get the inside too. I'm gonna use my tongue. Is it okay if I suck my come out of you? It is *mine*. I shared with my sister." He continued to tease her, licking her lips, avoiding her clit, making her buck her hips into his face. He smiled. He ran his tongue along her inner folds, tasting his own come, and then started to suck. He could hear her gasping and trying to be quiet.

He thought he did a pretty good job of cleaning her. He stood back up, his cock was already hard again.

"I want to tease you until you can't stand it. That's what all brothers do, right? Tease their sisters? Except I want to get you close and then stop, and then do it again until you're begging your brother to let you come." He started rubbing the tip of his dick over her, never putting it in, smushing it against her and watching as her clit started to swell slightly. "I'll take you to the edge but I won't let you fall over. Until you beg me." His cock was throbbing as he ghosted it over her, using his hands as well, touching, *caressing* really, her inner thighs and her abdomen, just barely, knowing the sensations would be more intense.

"Does that sound like a game you want to play with your brother?"

"No," El whimpered and used her hands to hold her legs in the air and as widely parted as possible. It made Mike see her hole twitching

even through the dimly lit room. It fluttered open repeatedly, as if begging him to just put his cock in and occupy the empty space aching to be filled.

"Brothers don't tease their sisters."

El was aware that Mike knew her well enough at this point to read between the lines. Despite protesting, the subtle smile plastered on her face indicated that she wanted to play this game with him more than anything else.

"You're a bad brother, Mike. Can't you see that my pussy wants you?" Her voice was a mere whisper and barely audible to Mike, let alone his parents who were probably sound asleep by now. She decided it was safe to keep talking without worrying about them being heard.

"Look at it, Mike," she cooed, her hands dropping to her front as she spread her pussy lips and showed her gaping hole to Mike. The swollen tip was millimeters away from entering it. "Just put it in."

"That's what you want but that's not how you get it. You have to follow the rules of the game. You can't cheat." Mike was having fun with this, though seeing how her holes were contracting and releasing as she held her legs up, her body silently begging for his cock, was more tempting than he'd realized.

"My cock does need some relief but I'm not giving in until you beg me. With words. Turn over."

He rolled her over onto her stomach, pushing her knees up onto the bed, almost at the edge so that her ass was hanging over. He spent a minute stroking his hands over her cheeks, tickling a little, until she was pushing back to try to feel him as he'd pull his hand away.

"Not so fast. You know what to do if you want this." He slipped his raging hard dick between her folds as he spoke, just sliding back and forth to alleviate some of his discomfort. He reached under her and toyed with her clit, bending down as he did.

"Just beg your brother to fill your pussy. My cock is right there. If your pussy could talk I bet *she* would beg me." He could tell by the

sounds she was making that he should stop playing with her clit. She was too close.

"Mike-" El whimpered out of control, her fingers clenched into tight fists around his bed sheets as her walls tried to swallow his dick in.

It seemed impossible, though, his hands deliberately keeping her in place, one of them toying with her clit so much that she couldn't help but moan or grit her teeth. It felt unbearable, the pleasure too overwhelming for her to keep quiet and still.

"Just put it in, *please*. Fuck me. You want it, too. Just put your hard dick in and fuck my pussy. A good brother would do that, don't you think?" She tried to use every tactic at hand to coax Mike into finally filling her up.

"A good brother would make his sister follow the rules, and the rule is you have to beg me." He was touching her opening with the head of his cock, making her think he was going to finally push it in, and then taking it away.

"Though you did say *please*. I guess that kind of counts but I was sort of hoping you'd be more desperate. Is that the best you can do?" He let her have just the tip, keeping her from pushing back onto him by holding her hips tightly.

"Just beg a little and you can have all of this."

"No, please."

She was desperate, her hips trying their best to push back against Mike's strong hold on her body but it was in vain.

"Okay. *Please* fuck me, Mike. *Please*. I'll do anything if you do. I-I'll let you use me however you want. Remember what you said about our Three Musketeers game? Whoever loses becomes the slave? I lost. Dustin got my five candy bars. I had more of them than you. I'll be your slave. Just...*please*, put it in. Fuck me." She was sobbing at this point, her pussy dripping down onto his bed, a mixture of his come and her own juices running down her thighs and onto the sheets as she implored Mike to give in and fuck her.

Mike didn't hesitate. She had followed the rules. He shoved his cock into her. El's face was down on the bed as she tried to muffle her groans.

"Good girl, you get your reward. You can come whenever you want." Mike looked down to watch his cock. She was so turned on that he wasn't even having to move. She was fucking him, rocking back and forth on her hands and knees.

"Fuck, that's so hot. I can't make you do all the work though. We should share our chores." Mike pulled out and grabbed his pillow. He rolled her, set the pillow in place, and then rolled her back onto it so that her ass was now raised slightly. He slowly slipped his dick back into her cunt.

"Is that deeper? It feels deeper. But it'll be better when I'm closer." Mike lay on top of her. He could listen to every tiny gasp, moan, and cry she made as he pounded into her. He knew that he'd already gotten her so close to coming that just the friction of his pillow rubbing against her clit as his cock plowed her into it would be more than enough to do the job.

"I love it when you hug...and fuck me," El cried out, her back arched as she pushed her ass against Mike's pelvis. His skin was slapping against hers, squishing her whole body and making it hard to breathe but she wanted it that way. It felt more intimate, being able to feel his heart beating over her back only turned her on even more.

"Sharing...ah...chores?" She grinned as she repeated his words, her pussy trying to take the hard plowing.

"You really are the best...brother. Fucking me...and, oh right there, taking care...of me. I couldn't have asked...for a better one."

Her legs tried to close as her orgasm approached, but her body was completely trapped under Mike's weight. She could only squeeze her ass cheeks, her muscles clenching throughout her body while Mike continued to ram his cock in and out of her.

"You're gonna...make me...come, Mike? Again?" She moaned and whimpered as his hard thrusts made her clit rub over the cushioned

fabric beneath her.

"Of course I'm gonna, oh fuck, make you come. I said I always would. I'll always take care of my, uh, favorite, fuck, sister. Mom wants me to be a good, shit you're so tight, brother to you."

Mike felt like he was getting deeper still with every thrust even though he knew he was buried all the way inside her. She was squeezing him, her slick walls clutching his shaft, pulling him in.

"Come for me, El. But be quiet so Mom doesn't hear."

Keeping up the siblings act was enough for El to be driven over the edge, her inner walls clamping hard on Mike's rod seconds after. It felt even more intense than the previous time that day and she quickly grabbed one of Mike's hands and brought it to her mouth. Her teeth dug into the soft skin as she climaxed, her moans being fully absorbed by the back of his hand.

She didn't know if he minded it or not, but her powerful orgasm had left her incapable of thinking straight. All she could do was spasm and drool over his fingers until the quaking finally subsided.

"I'm...sorry," she whispered and lapped at the freshly wounded skin, her tongue stroking the marks apologetically while he continued to fuck her hard.

"Oh fuck, I'm gonna, shit, 'bout to come, tell Mom you bit me." In reality her biting his hand had only made his cock get harder as she did it while her pussy was gripping and convulsing and pulsing around him.

"But keep licking my hand. I'm gonna come in my hot sister's pussy. Lick it. Oh, fuck, El!" He wanted to cry out but he gasped his words, trying to be quiet, his face was right beside her ear and he needed only to barely breathe his declamation. She had moved to sucking his fingers and he burrowed in one last time, his ears ringing and his vision going white for a few seconds as he filled her for a third time that day with his hot come.

"Fuuuck," he breathed. "Happy Halloween, sis."

He kissed her cheek, having slumped onto her while he was coming. He didn't want to pull out, wanting to keep his cock safely embedded in her, but he was afraid she couldn't breathe so he reluctantly rolled off of her.

El frowned the moment their bodies unglued and she sought the warmth back, like a lost puppy would.

"Let me hold you," she whispered affectionately as she straddled Mike's middle and lowered her torso on top of his, her arms cradling his head as she pulled him in for a kiss. It was sweet and innocent, despite their tongues swirling around each other until they ran out of breath.

"I love you, Mike. And you're not my brother, okay? It's sexy to think about it when we do it, but I don't want you to ever be my brother. We're going to have babies one day and brothers don't do that with their sisters, right? That's what you've told me."

Her eyes were begging him for confirmation, her delicate fingers tracing his jawline as she waited for an answer. Thinking of something as taboo as them being siblings when they fucked was amazing, but that was where El wanted to draw the line.

The concern on her face made Mike smile.

"Of course I'm not. We were just playing. And I'd never think about doing that with my real sisters. Ew, gross." He laughed but then was more serious. "I love you too. So much. We're going to grow up and grow old together and Mom can live in her fantasy world while we live our real lives together. I want that with you."

He kissed her again, gently pulling her face into his so their lips could meet.

"But that was so hot, pretending. I liked it. Um, I'd like to do again. Like *a lot*. It'll be our secret and make this house a lot more fun."

"Okay then." El grinned and wrapped her hands around his neck until his face was buried in her chest. She kept him there, nuzzling her cheek against his hair for a while and taking in his shampoo scent,

the one they shared.

"I can keep this secret." Her tone was reassuring and accompanied by her fingers massaging Mike's scalp. She knew it made him sleepy and all she wanted was to tuck him under the covers and join him so they could fall into a deep slumber together.

But they couldn't.

Sighing, she loosened the hold she had on his body until they faced each other and it didn't take long until her eyes started to get wet.

"I should go..."

"Wait." Mike stopped her as she climbed out of his bed. "It is Halloween. I'll tell Mom we were watching scary movies in the basement and I fell asleep down there. I'll say *I was watching movies with my coolest sister. We didn't want Halloween to be over yet.* She'll love that."

Mike grabbed his pajama pants, not worrying about underwear. He threw on a t-shirt.

"Come on. Let's go snuggle in the basement."

He took her hand and they went downstairs to where their life together had really started, awaking hours later on All Saints' Day. Their home life with Karen Wheeler could now be a fun game of smoke and mirrors. Halloween was over but they had discovered a way to make every day feel like they were in a funhouse.

Author's Note: This was such a fun ride to go on during my favorite holiday season. Thanks so much for reading and riding along. I love Halloween. This is for my best friend ever. I love you so much. Without you I'm nothing.